

 **the Circle**

the Circle

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A NOTE ON STYLE

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

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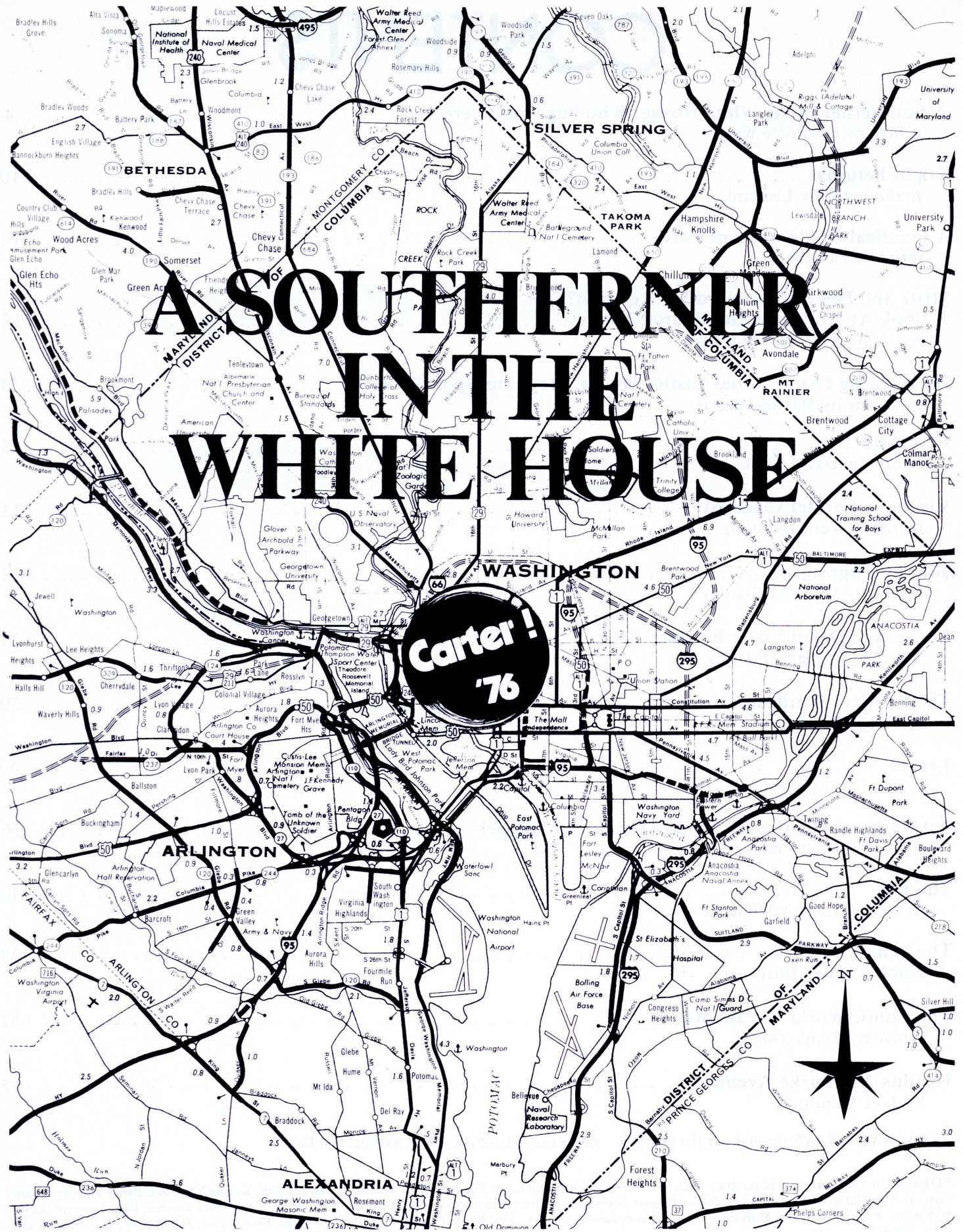
L—R: Cecelia Harden, Associate Editor; Martha Duggar, Editor; Tomie Dugas, Art Director.

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INFORMAL ESSAYS throughout the issue by: Cindy Lacy, Mala Paulk, Lucia Waldrop, Erin Lightel

POEMS throughout the issue by: Danny Adams, Susan Bassett, Sue Beasley, Mark Beffart, Robby Bellah, Kenneth Brooks, Pam Calloway, Leslie Cost, Joseph Cotten, Carol Danner, Martha Duggar, Steve Glaze, Dean Wiseman Golden, Tom Hagood, Percy Jones, Alice Kirsten, Billy Leonard, Linda McKnight, Rena Mount, Jim Mulvaney, Al Neumann, Annette Norris, Eric Regh, Pam Spencer, D. G. Sproul, Ken Taylor, Jim Warren, A. J. Wright, and Peter Zurales.



For the first time since the Civil War a man of the Deep South has not only been selected for the top spot on a national party ticket, but he has won the top job in a national election. He comes to the White House directly from Plains, Georgia, with no Washington apprenticeship in between. Shortly after November 2, the *Circle* set out to find out how he did it. Who were

Wilson was born in Virginia; and Mr. Truman, from the border state of Missouri, had impeccably Confederate ancestry.

Williamson: With LBJ . . . he comes basically from the yeomanry of the South [that moved westward from tide-water South Carolina and Georgia.]

Harrison: Well, so does Jimmy Carter.

people (the whites) will not vote for Carter for the same reason.

Harrison: No, if they are voting for him, they'll be voting because they're pleased with his administration, not just because of regional pride.

Circle: Then you would say that regional pride is the reason Carter got whatever percentage he did get of white Southern votes?

WHO PUT HIM THERE?

BY CHARLOTTE WARD

the voters who chose him? What were the qualities and possibilities they saw in the man who won their votes?

In addition to keeping open ears to general comments around Auburn, the *Circle* talked with three Auburn University scholars who are actively interested in national politics, and who, also, as will be apparent, were Carter supporters. They are Professor Margaret Latimer of the Department of Political Science and Professors Joseph Harrison and Edward Williamson of the Department of History.

Circle: So many people are talking as if Mr. Carter was the first true Southern president since Thomas Jefferson—which is obviously not the case. In your opinion, who was the last Southerner in the White House?

Harrison: I would say Lyndon Johnson—which isn't a very long time ago. Texas was a part of the Confederacy, and Johnson, until he became majority leader, was very much a part of the Southern bloc in Congress and acted as such. We have heard reference to Zachary Taylor, elected in 1848, as the last president from the Deep South . . . Andrew Johnson of Tennessee was a Southern Unionist; Woodrow

Latimer: But Johnson had been in Washington and become very much of a national Democrat long before he became President.

Williamson: But what Jimmy Carter does, he unites the blacks, the labor unions, the Southern moderates, together with this Southern constituency that, like the Catholics in 1960, felt they had never had a president.

Harrison: Except that the "Southern constituency" turned out to be primarily the blacks. The consensus seems to be that he got less of the white Southern vote than Ford did; he got a lot more of it than any other even moderately liberal Democrat would have been likely to receive, but he still didn't get a majority of it. [Al] Smith got an overwhelming majority of Catholics in 1928. So you don't have quite the ethnic allegiance to Carter that you did to Al . . . Kennedy [in 1960] got well over half the Catholic vote, whereas Carter did get less than half of the white Southern vote.

Williamson: The election was decided in Mississippi.

Harrison: True, by the blacks.

Williamson: But also by the whites. The blacks could not have won alone. But in 1980 these same

Harrison: Yes, I don't think any other Democrat could have carried that large a bloc of Southern states.

Williamson: I also feel dissatisfaction with Washington, plus Watergate, this made it easier for Carter.

Harrison: Well, of course, one of the prices for victory in a federal election is that if you aren't already part of the Washington crowd, you become part of it. While we're talking about the Southern aspect . . . the last hope of the desperate Confederate generals was to enlist black troops. This aroused so much shock in Confederate governmental circles the plan was not even made public. Well, this time they *were* enlisted, and they proved decisive.

Williamson: Also, if you look at the black vote, it's dissatisfaction with the way the country is being run and a hope for something better. These are people with rising expectations.

Harrison: There's also the fact that Carter had proved himself on this issue [as a liberal on the race question as Governor of Georgia.] He was certified on that one in a way few Northerners have an opportunity to become, because they don't pay any price.

Circle: Some of the things Carter said [during the campaign] go

rather against the grain of some principles held rather deeply in the South. One that comes to mind is that he suggested he might be opposed to right to work laws. Do you think this registered with Southern voters?

Harrison: I heard it from some of them who were going to vote against Carter, yes. I think this was rather the recognition that anyone who is going to get the labor vote has to indicate his willingness to sign a repeal of that clause of the Taft-Hartley Act if it should clear Congress. Carter never went to the length of promising to work for it. It's unlikely that he would have to [face the issue, since it has not been able to pass Congress].

Williamson: But times are changing in the South. The Opelika Mill [recently] voted unionization, and unions are now important in Lee County. The right to work law is a strong union-breaking law and serves no other purpose. It isn't really a *right to work* law.

Circle: Do you think some of the support for Ford in this area [Auburn] came from people who were frightened of Carter's liberal economic policies? A number of people we've talked to mention this first.

Harrison: I would say a lot of Southerners still remember the effective use of economic power under Franklin Roosevelt. And despite the shibboleths about fiscal responsibility, they are prepared to have him use the government in ways that wouldn't be acceptable to the die-hard laissez-faire people—at least in areas of their concern, such as tobacco and cotton and soybean subsidies.

Latimer: My feeling is that most people didn't sit down and work out what the results would be with either Ford or Carter in economics. I think most people just adhered to one side or another economically, not with any rationale or knowledge of real economic principles.

Harrison: True, but the Ford supporters among my acquaintance were more afraid of inflation than

of unemployment, and felt Carter's efforts to stimulate employment would promote it [inflation].

Williamson: Don't you think that Carter got the vote, too, of people who consider themselves humanitarians and followers of the social gospel?

Latimer: And civil liberties . . .

Williamson: And those who take the old idea of laissez-faire and the devil take the hindmost stuck with Ford.

Harrison: Most of the people who had acquired a modicum of wealth in the last twenty or thirty years, whether in agriculture or industry, were extremely afraid of tax policies which would divert more of their income to public purposes, particularly for the benefit of the poor.

Circle: The thought has been expressed that if Carter carries through on all his economic promises he cannot possibly cut taxes. Or was he really saying "tax reform" rather than across the board tax cuts?

Harrison: I had one colleague, a very bright fellow, who told me categorically that this country couldn't stand tax reform. What it needed ultimately was systematic planning, but to have tax reform right now would wipe out the middle class and their savings.

Latimer: [A congressman from Illinois] defined tax reform as removing loopholes so that those who don't pay proper attention to the tax laws don't get away with murder.

Williamson: Another item the Ford people constantly mentioned was national defense. I don't think the military should be given a blank check. I think their budget should be looked at just as stringently as the budgets for HEW and Agriculture and the other departments.

Harrison: I find this one of the most attractive prospects of the Carter administration. I believe the man cares a great deal for national defense and he comes from a region almost obsessed with the subject. But this is a man who has been

inside the Pentagon and who has the kind of mind and experience which will enable him, without repudiating his own commitment to national defense, to give a critical intelligent scrutiny to what the generals and admirals send him and I very much want a president who can do that . . . It's curious that the same people who are so afraid they're going to be taxed for purposes of welfare are willing to pay through the nose for defense taxes in unlimited quantity.

At this point the *Circle* observed that along with a strong feeling for national defense in the South goes a strong tradition of military service. If Ford's pardon of Nixon lost him 5 to 10 percent of the votes that went against him, may not Carter's offer to pardon Viet Nam dissenters have cost him votes? The panel thought the numbers involved in this issue were not significant. "The war is over," they felt, and Carter's offer of pardon was an appropriate act of compassion that might even not be widely accepted by those to whom it was offered. Carter had, after all, supported the war; he had proclaimed an "Honor the Soldiers Day" in Georgia after the Calley conviction—refusing to name it "Honor Calley Day," but to an extent supporting him nevertheless.

Circle: Dr. Williamson has compared Jimmy Carter to John Quincy Adams in his inability or unwillingness to "play penny politics" in the campaign, while Dr. Harrison has commented that he did it rather well in the primaries. This brings up the question of why the impressive lead the polls gave Carter after the primaries evaporated as election day approached. Or was the summer lead more apparent than real?

Harrison: I don't think he ever had the strength the polls showed him having after the convention. He had gotten the nomination largely because of his success in being all things to all men. But he couldn't carry on the campaign that way. There was no possibility that he

would not have to commit himself to hard and fast unpopular positions on some of the issues, foreign and domestic, and either way he went he was bound to lose some of that support.

Williamson: The only way he could have kept that support was to have the White House in the background. To be the President and have the rose garden. But when he became the nominee of the Democratic party

Harrison: The Democratic Platform to which he was committed lost some of the conservative vote that had been for him as long as his opponents were Udall, Bayh, or even Jackson or Humphrey.

Latimer: It has been suggested that he tried to stay too much in the middle of the road during the last weeks of the campaign and that this lost him some issue voters. The trend seems to be toward issue voting rather than party voting.

Harrison: I'm an issue voter, myself, but I'm not convinced Carter's tactics were wrong. He got me and most people like me and at the same time he failed to alienate many of the people he might have alienated if he had been, say, Morris Udall or Hubert Humphrey.

Circle: Last summer it appeared that issues were actually much less important than trust. People were looking for a candidate they could believe in more than they were examining his stand on any issue. You seem to be saying that in the course of the campaign the emphasis changed back to issues.

Williamson: The Democratic convention was not an issue convention; it was a love feast . . . And the Republican convention largely consisted of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Reagan coming in and taking their seats.

Harrison: In connection with trust, or in other words, the personal element, what do you all feel about the increased emphasis on families in this election—the “monarchic” aspect of the presidency? Many people were seriously weighing their vote in terms of whether they

liked Mrs. Ford or Mrs. Carter or the children the best.

Latimer: Limitation of spending is why they used the families as hard as they did. But you're raising the question of assessment of families.

Harrison: Yes, as if we were voting on two royal families.

Latimer: But don't you think that goes all the way back to 1960, though? Jackie Kennedy versus Pat Nixon?

Williamson: Part of it is that television has supplanted Pathe News, which was once a week. TV people have to have something every day. So they covered Amy, the grandmother

Latimer: You didn't hear much about the sisters on national television

Harrison: And there was only occasional reference to the convict nephew. A recently naturalized colleague of mine expressed surprise that this hadn't hurt Carter more.

Circle: Candidates have made the most of attractive, interesting families for years. Perhaps the difference was that Johnson, Nixon, and Ford had been in Washington so long their connections back home were not so noticeable—while Carter was connected with everybody in Plains.

Williamson: I thought this gave Ford an advantage. He was more at home with TV people and reporters.

Harrison: And personally popular with them, regardless of what they thought of his policies.

Circle: Now that we have got one of the two men and not the other, this question may not be pertinent, but how do you assess Carter and Ford as to ability?

Williamson: Ford is a likeable, decent mediocrity. Putting him in the presidency was a tremendous challenge. To a large extent, like with Eisenhower, the presidency has run on automatic pilot. And I don't know how long you can do that.

Harrison: I think Ford is obviously intelligent in many ways. The fact

remains that he has impressed a good many people who have known him as “stupid” or “dumb,” and I think they meant not that the man has a low IQ but that he lacks imagination and a certain type of keenness which he lamentably displayed during the second debate, just after the image of Ford as a man of inferior intelligence had been largely dissipated, and he rehabilitated it full strength and it never got dissipated again the whole campaign. Carter, I think, is a brilliant man whom academics sometimes underrate because his education is largely technological and because he is not as verbal as most brilliant men in our line of work are.

Williamson: I wonder if he is a cold man. You might compare him to Wilson.

Harrison: I think he is a very reserved man, with few really close friends. Carter and Wilson are very different types.

Circle: Is lack of personal warmth a disadvantage in a chief executive?

Williamson: I don't know—I can't imagine Carter being very buddy-buddy with congressional leaders.

Harrison: On the other hand, Ford was one of them for years and he didn't have much success getting legislation passed by them.

Latimer: Back to the original question—The Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 could perhaps be said to come to fruition with the increased economic position and voting power of the blacks, finally a little stimulation for black turnout, which has been very, very low and suddenly the black makes his mark on Southern politics with the election of Jimmy Carter.

Harrison: I would go so far as to say that Lyndon Johnson really elected Carter.

Latimer: The South hasn't gone together in an election [in years] except in a conservative direction [until now].

Williamson: There may be a new coalition in the South: the labor union people, the blacks, the

moderates, and those who question the colonialism of Southern Republicans. I don't believe, for example, Alabama should give a blank check to all Northern industry.

Harrison: In this coalition the only one still growing is the blacks, and that, I think, is going to tip the scales in favor of at least moderate liberalism in the South, and I think that is a very hopeful sign.

The discussion continued with an analysis of voting patterns in Lee County. Out of four wards in the city of Auburn, only Ward 1, which is 43% black, went for Carter. On the other hand, Beat 14, Smiths, a rural blue-collar community with only 17% black population, went for Carter.

While a straw vote at Auburn High School gave Carter the victory, a similar vote on the Auburn University campus showed Ford the winner. Why, the *Circle* asked, did college students support Ford? Dr. Harrison's answer was that these were the children of those who had "made it" and feared a tax increase as he had pointed out earlier. Mrs. Latimer commented that an analysis of voting by age reported in the *New York Times* gave Ford an edge in the 18-21 year old group and among those over 45, with Carter leading among the 22-44 year-old group. Parental influence on young voters seems evident.

Looking across the country, the panel agreed that Carter's strength lay among the blacks and labor groups in the northern cities, that the "Eastern liberal establishment" conceded him to be the lesser evil, and that he lost the West because in those still wide-open spaces the problems of cities and urban poverty are too remote to provide an impetus for change. Strong Republican senators carried the presidential candidate in the West instead of the reverse. Carter's California campaign was judged to have been very badly managed, and probably responsible for his loss there.

Another implication of the question, "Who put Jimmy Carter in the

White House?" is, to whom is he therefore in debt? The most obvious answer, to the panel, was the blacks. They saw payment in terms of higher level appointments in greater numbers rather than in specific programs or spending, feeling that the moderate black leadership would prefer this approach, and that the more radical would go along for fear of finding themselves out of a job if all their demands were met!

When all is said and done, who did elect Jimmy Carter President? That small majority of the American voters who see in his policies a broader pathway for their own advancement, and who are willing to risk some of their own economic security to provide a little more of it for their fellow citizens, and who are daring enough to risk change on the chance it might be for the better, and who are concerned for the environment and for human needs . . . Contradictory? Of course! American politics, especially presidential politics, always is. Self-interest balanced by altruism, progress by preservation, North by South, East by West, cities by wide open spaces. An executive mansion occupied during nearly two hundred years by the great and the competent, the adequate and the mediocre (can any man who got there be said to have totally failed?). The Presidency as an institution recovering from the worst trauma in its 200-year history. It works!



SECURITY

The future being what it is,
I add my bank account to his,
But if our other assets mix,
Won't we be in a pretty fix?

—Martha Duggar

TO A LADY

Though she's painted pert and pretty
And walks within the grove
She'll never touch a naked leaf
Or know the taste of cold
She's a fairy angel wrought of iron
A chaste madonna hewn from wood
Wind gusts her for little
Rain strikes her for less
For nothing can touch
And no one may best
And as sunset dawns
On the amazon queen
She'll say
Failing flowers never fade
God never had sense enough to reign
Christ is dead
Again and again.

—D. G. Sproul

MORNING HOUSE

In the rafters, dark shuttered
from the September sky
which has to be October
because you say so

the sleep-sigh of my girl
roams, bouyed by dreams
of night water
smoother than she imagined
more like silk

—Rena Mount

DISTORTERS

Illusions of
Snowflakes
Enter my mind and
Disappear with the
Sun.

Illusions of
Rabbits running through fields
Enter my mind and
Disappear with a
Gun.

—Jim Mulvaney



Photography by Connie Formby

THIS FOREST WE HAVE PLANTED

waiting i stroll
pecans in clusters about to fall

if only my thoughts could develop
if only my words would come

strolling through caustic darkness
memories and radios singeing the cloudcover

trafficking mufflers high in their felony
licking the city asphalt down

wire fences find their home
clinging to cemented holes by the sidewalk

as if strolling through a jungled forest
filled with proper nouns

PANCAKE HOUSE

STANDARD OIL

MIAMI — three hundred thirty miles

gases
wheels

continual movement
wearing away a thin standing mist

about lie woodlands
before unseen

how could i guess when they pulled me out wet
wrinkled and small and breathless

i would face life
eating caramels and chocolates

licking my fingers in rejection
realizing something somewhere went wrong

on a fine night
pecans ready to fall

children ready with their sacks opened wide
speculating when each cluster should fall

i stroll about this pleasing forest
i try to sense its yawning glory

North and West of ageless dreamers
complete with parking lot attendants

i lose myself here

in the fire

in the resonant shouting

in the muffled night air

never mailing my letters

watching the dry night
swell and bake

under the bright 'BAR and GRILL' starlight
burned on my weary eyes

—Joseph Cotten



The kids in the neighborhood used to ride their bikes along side him and talk to him, then poke him at him behind his back. I remembered his shoulder-length hair and scraggly beard flying in the wind as he pedaled his battered bicycle along the dirt roads. He had been the town's oldest hippie long before anyone ever heard of hippies.

Bright Petunias

FICTION BY BILLY LEONARD

I smiled and sat back in the rocking chair, trying not to appear bored. The rest of the family seemed attentive, but Uncle Hector knew that my attention was slipping and turned in his seat to aim the tale a little more in my direction.

"Steve," he said with a grin, "I worked that mule twenty-three years, and don't know how old she was when I bought her. Worked the cotton till I put the field in the soil bank, and then worked the garden every year after that."

I nodded in recognition and stifled a yawn. This was Sunday Afternoon Yarn No. 7, otherwise known as The Final Days of Old Bessie. We had all heard it several times before, at least twice a year since the old mule had died.

"I was offered good money for her, and folks said I was silly to keep her all that time. But couldn't no tractor anywhere level a garden as clean and pretty as she could. And I could'a sworn she knew most everthing I said to her."

I nodded again and gazed out through the white-paneled sheer tossing lightly before the open window. The white clapboard exterior of the farmhouse was flanked by rough, weatherbeaten outbuildings, long since fallen into disuse, which were surrounded in turn by vine-choked fences and neglected fields. It had been a while, but things looked just the way they had when I left. The only bright spot was the garden—neat rows of lush green laid out alongside the empty barn like flowers beside a monument.

The creak of a rocking chair pulled my thoughts back inside, and suddenly the contrasting darkness of the interior of the house seemed overwhelming. The high-ceilinged living room echoed the hollow sounds within, and the two

pale bulbs suspended on frayed cords failed to brighten the dark furnishings. The room, the house, and the people had remained unchanged ever since I could remember.

Aunt May leaned forward in the rocker again, causing yet another creak, and cleared her throat noisily. She stared at her husband intently, anxious for the story to end, but he simply shifted his weight and paid her no mind. The climax of the tale was at hand.

"Old Bessie got so stove up she couldn't go no more. On the days when the rheumatism was bad I'd get on one side and she'd lean on me to get up. May finally talked me into calling a vet out here to put the old thing out of her misery."

I saw my little sister across the room grimacing in anticipation. She knew that unfortunately Hector would spare no detail in recalling one of his most vivid memories.

"He pulled out the biggest needle you ever saw and filled it up with Epsom salts dissolved in warm water—that's right, I asked him and he said it was Epsom salts—and then I held Bessie's head and he stuck her in the neck. When he pulled the needle out, the blood trickled down her neck and I wiped it off with my handkerchief. That old mule never flinched. I reckon it was like she knew what was happening. She just stood there a few seconds and then started shaking all over and her legs buckled. She wallowed in a fit on the ground for a minute and then got real still, looking up at me with them big brown eyes. She died with her head in my lap."

My sister climbed into the nest that was Grandma's lap, and I sat awaiting the verbal epitaph.

"I gave this man up the road five dollars to bring his front end loader down here," he continued, "and we

dug a hole right there beside her and rolled her over in it. I sort of wondered what that would do to that piece of ground, her being buried there. I reckon it didn't do no harm, 'cause the tomatoes are growing on that spot right now just as pretty as you ever saw."

Spare me the irony, I thought, as Hector leaned back in his favorite old stuffed chair with a look of peaceful satisfaction. I had expected Aunt May to begin talking the moment Hector finished, but she broke tradition and began rummaging quietly through the magazine rack. Grandma took the lead in the conversation instead by throwing the floor open to a discussion of the weather and its effects on gardens in the area, which quickly turned to comparisons of yields of beans, butterpeas, and roasting ears acquired by various family members and neighbors.

In due time, I thought, they will ask me the usual questions about how I like school, when I might graduate, and what I would do after graduation. The first question was easy, the second one simple enough to estimate if I avoided mentioning graduate school, and the third impossible. But I always answered the same way and wondered afterwards why I did so.

I wanted to tell them about what I had read in recent months, and about my own writing. I wanted to explain my growing need to write, to create scenes and images for myself and the world, to mold myself as I molded my thoughts on paper. But I could hardly justify it to myself, much less to them. After all, no one else in the family had gone to college at all, much less spent his time reading and writing when he should have been doing "real" work. No, it was simpler to shirk the issue rather than meet it

directly. I felt like a traitor without a cause, a politician before a simple-minded and non-caring press.

My self-analysis was interrupted by Aunt May as she dropped a stack of old catalogs in a pile on the rack.

"Has anybody seen this week's county paper? There's something I want you all to read."

I reached under the coffee table for a loose paper and checked the date. "Here it is," I said, holding it out for her.

"No, you keep it. Look on the front page down in the left corner, where it says 'Man's Body Found.'"

"Okay, I see it," I said hesitantly as I scanned the first few lines.

"I want you to read it since you read so good. Read it out loud." I hesitated. "Go ahead, read it."

"The badly decomposed body of a local man was found in the bedroom of his home Tuesday morning. According to authorities, Robert L. Forrest of 434 Franklin St. had been dead approximately 30 days.

"Neighbors called police Monday to report that Forrest had not been seen for some time and that mail was spilling out of the mailbox in front of his small house. Upon investigation authorities discovered the body of the 70-year-old man inside."

I paused, not wishing to read the details.

"Ain't that awful?" Grandma proclaimed.

"That's not all, read the next part," insisted May.

I glanced briefly around the room; the curiosity and anticipation leapt from their eyes like a cat springing from the shadows. I continued slowly. "A source reported that the stench in the house was almost unbearable and that the body was decomposed beyond recognition. Summertime weather had caused temperatures to range in the upper 90's inside the un-airconditioned house for several days.

"Forrest had been an eccentric given to long periods of seclusion. No foul play is suspected in the death."

"Mama, that's that old man with the long gray hair and the beard who rode that old bicycle," exclaimed Aunt May, breaking in on cue as soon as I uttered the last word.

"Ain't that awful?" Grandma repeated. "Been dead a month."

"Said the house smelled so bad you couldn't stand it," added Hector. "I always heard the old man was crazy, anyway."

They all began talking at once, re-hashing the grisly circumstances and speculating on the cause of death. The news was unique for them, a break from the usual goings-on, a bright flower in an otherwise fallow field. It warranted discussion not once but many times, and they swarmed around it like bees.

I shut myself out once again, folding the paper quietly and placing it on the floor beside the rocking chair. The name struck a familiar note—I remembered seeing the old man when I was younger. The kids in the neighborhood used to ride their bikes alongside him and talk to him, then poke fun at him behind his back. I remembered his shoulder-length hair and scraggly gray beard flying in the wind as he pedaled his battered bicycle along the dirt roads. He had been the town's oldest hippie long before anyone ever heard of hippies.

We had heard that Mr. Forrest had once been a professor at a college somewhere, but that he went crazy and had to quit. I had always prodded him along with the other kids, until one day in junior high school a few of us stopped to talk to him in front of his house near the school. The others ran off laughing, but I stayed behind for a few moments. He had asked my name and my age, and we both admired a small patch of brightly colored petunias he so carefully tended beside a broken-down and peeling picket fence.

The old man had launched into a lengthy conversation with himself as he pulled weeds from among the blossoms, and as he spoke of Shakespeare and Chaucer, of Don Quixote and Everyman, I had found myself transfixed by the sound of his words and the sudden strength in his voice. The entire episode had taken no more than ten minutes, and I had run breathlessly like a frightened child to catch up with my friends. I saw him several times afterwards, but I never spoke to him again.

"That old man knew more of life than any of us will ever know," I suddenly blurted without thinking, interrupting Uncle Hector and bringing a silence like the echo of a thunderclap in the room.

Hector looked thoughtful for a moment. "Do you reckon when they found him was he laying down or sitting up?" he continued.

I sat back quietly in the rocking chair and did not answer.



DEVIL'S HORNS VERSUS pH BALANCE

As I wash my hair
Protein-filled shampoo repairs
Individual hair shafts
While pH balance leaves no deposits
A thousand watts roar
And I sit plugged into a
Deafening hair dryer

But
I remember days when I
Needed a chair to reach the sink—
I fashioned devil's horns
From the suds
Along with Spanish curls
And a Unicorn's spike
And watched dark hair float
Like foamy seaweed
Till cold water
Tingled my scalp

—Pam Calloway

SECOND SUMMER

Summer warmth shines today, down
to the sky blue and cloudless forever
or a day, surrounded by two seasons,
a blue coal sparking against
one chilled, one parched hand. And I
have seen this time before, trees
falling away stick-veined leaves
in the certain wind, crumpled brown splotches
against clear blue, fading. I've seen
them blow and I know another season
waits only. And I see a day's children again,
I know them. They come bare-armed,
carried in the compass
like a Spring whisper, clear and brown
from warm sun with laughter without
echo. I have them here, am them now
for a brief pause, second summer.
Though we slip back clutching,
cramped and slow, held by dry-veined
leaves snapped into dust and the cold
whisper of approaching white wind.

—Jim Warren

THE HYACINTH POND

In the dark
the lavender bloom which stood for one day
over the bulbous leaves
shrinks downward, lays a hook
of petal through the roots
and in the cold fever of a water forest
begins to layer itself with trap-jelly

Not floating Arthurlike, with us watching
and feeling sad imagining music
fit to welcome a flotilla of dead hyacinths
but locking brown, sturdy as an old boot
around the enlivened root hairs

Some lavender, some dainty embarrassment
in the scheme
must go under in a stranglehold on life,
that color may seep out and in again
to reemerge, not in the stems
or rubbery leaves themselves

but in a purity of line between them,
the leaf thrust up, replete and thick
but tilted to an angle of flowers

—Rena Mount

THE MORNING SUN

When in the stream of days all there was
Was all I knew and all I knew was
All there was, I never thought to ask.
Ah, time then was but a boundary and
I a pinwheel—roads of ribbons—the
Cotton candy days, when the world was but
A room—and it was mine. Ah, but then I
Thought to ask, and so, Dear Sir: What?
The melodious groan of whirling winds
Swept through me, and so, Dear Sir: Who?
The glowing colors spread out before me,
And so, Dear Sir: Why? and the naked,
Icy wave grasped my bones, and so I
Know not but I know now to ask. No
Longer the stream of days but the long
Interim. And go I now and grow, and oh,
Dear Friend, time held me green and growing,
In the Morning Sun, which I'd never
Seen before, ah, but now I listen.

—Peter Zurales

MT. KEPHEART

High trails, High country
Wide vistas, open, wild, free
Mist, crystalline air, balsam

Crackling embers, glowing, dancing
fleeing images

Hope, salvation, escape

Mountains: Living, growing.

Let anyone who walks here heed the
message which lies in the mist-flies

With the cold winds: Walk here gently

—Tom Hagood

A Practical Guide To Plant Care

BY PAT KAETZ

Illustrations by David Birdsong

Due to the current plant-buying fad now sweeping America, a great many people possess one of our little seasick-green friends while really knowing very little about them. So in the interest of public service (and hopes of making a fast buck), I take it upon myself to write this short but informative guide to plants.

Care and Feeding

First off, let me destroy the fallacy that plants grow better if



you talk to them. Actually, I have known plants to throw up on their owners in an attempt to get them to shut up. A truly-refined plant prefers to spend a quiet evening alone with a Hugo Montenegro album playing in the background and a plate of Oysters Rockefeller spread liberally around its pot. Less refined plants prefer Merle Haggard and a cheeseburger. One exception to this rule is the Venus Flytrap, which enjoys a quick game of handball and a rubdown.

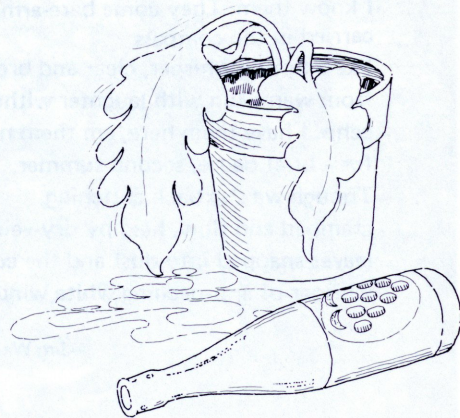
Another popular misconception is the belief that plants reproduce

asexually. In reality, plants are simply very modest and are careful not to show affection in public. Several times I have caught my begonia holding hands with my gladiola, and once even surprised them in an embrace on the floor. When I inquired as to what they were doing, the begonia merely blushed and giggled, the gladiola cleared its throat and said they were looking for a contact lens. If you observe this sort of behavior in two of your plants, leave them alone in a dark room for awhile; they both will be happier. I did, and now have a begonia-gladiola hybrid cross for which there is absolutely no market. Perhaps I can use them to make wine.

One sure way to alienate a plant is to give it a name such as "Merry Morninglory" or "Snookums Snapdragon." How would you like to go through life with a handle like "Little Mister Greenleaves"? Most plants prefer dignified names like "Aristotle" or "Winston." Of course, there are exceptions to this rule also. Daisies sometimes have an affinity for names such as "Brucie" or "Bubbles," depending on the extent of their perversion.



The prevalent misconception concerning the feeding of plants is that organic fertilizer (or as some of my less tactful peers call it, "cow pudding") promotes growth. True, plants do show an increased growth rate after being treated with this substance; but upon interviewing a cross-section of pansies and ferns, I found that they only grow faster to get away from the stench. After much research, I have found that plants enjoy a variety of soups and soft foods, served with a fine wine.



My ivy enjoys lobster bisque with a light Chablis. But be sure not to give your plant too much wine; a drunken plant falls down a lot and spits chlorophyll all over the carpet, not to mention disturbing the neighbors by singing "Ol' Black Joe" at the top of its voice.

Religion

The noted plant psychologist Coatsworth Cooley Nutt (known to his friends as "Co-Co" and his enemies as "that damned idiot") has done extensive research on religion and come to the conclusion that plants are sun-worshippers. They do not derive their fixation from the sun's life-giving qualities; rather, they are extremely ashamed of their color and are searching for the perfect tan. The plants follow a ritual of always keeping their faces turned toward the sun, except, of course, after a wild party, in which case they simply roll over in bed and say, "The hell with it." They chant constantly under their breath, repeating the words

“groont-groont mabonga” to a jazz waltz beat in E-flat minor. Whether this has any religious significance or merely keeps them from falling asleep remains for other psychologists to determine. Plants usually engage in this sunning ritual four hours a day, or, in New York, whenever the sun happens to be visible. It is important not to interrupt the ceremony, as the plant will lose respect for you and will refer to you in the future as the “Supreme Sheepdip.”

The Plant Psyche

The esteemed French planto-analyst Rhode Diendraun has outlined a theory of plant mental development called the Psycho-Chlorophyllic Theory of Development. Its stages are:

- 1) Seedotranquility stage—While the plant is still a seed, it experiences a deep sense of contentment, partly due to the fact that it hasn't yet seen an I.R.S. man. A fixation on this stage may in later life result in the plant not being alive.
- 2) Root-stamen inadequacy stage—This stage really has no meaning at all, Diendraun merely put it in because he was getting paid by the word. A fixation on this stage may in later life manifest itself as a psychotic fear of rubber shopping-cart tires.
- 3) Reciprocal inferiority-superiority stage—This stage occurs when the plant finally matures. Smaller shrubs begin to feel quite inferior to oak trees and are always lamenting, “Why couldn't I have been an oak tree?” Oak trees, on the other hand, have an exaggerated sense of their self-importance, and are always saying, “Sure am glad I'm not a scrawny shrub.” This constant banter in both plants can be alleviated by analysis. If analysis doesn't work, slap them across the mouth with a wet fish.
- 4) Brownian-wilt stage—This is the last stage in the development of the plant, and is usually charac-

terized by chronic death. The plant experiences no anxieties, except for a nagging fear that his pot will be sold to an itinerant grasshopper salesman in Duluth, Minnesota.

In general, there are few neurotic plants. The ones that do develop neuroses end up as hatchet-murderers or tap-dancers. If you suspect your plant of having psychopathic tendencies, lure it to the Haley Center building on the pretext of introducing it to a cute fern in Professor Stroud's office and drop it off the top, taking care not to hit any passers-by (unless it happens to be a cab driver on break or an old woman going to have her shoes half-sole).

Here are just a few more standard rules to be followed for the general welfare of your plant.

- If you are a female and a plant tries to get fresh with you, a good swift kick to the pistil usually stops them. If not, be prepared to support green children who like to stay at the beach a lot.



- Never beat your plant with a rubber hose, even if you are into S-and-M.
- Never let your plant see you dressed as a giant cucumber.
- To toilet train a plant, a simple statement such as, “You do that on the placemat again and I'll clip you to the ground and fill

your pot with kerosene,” is usually sufficient to discourage further accidents.

- Never try to pat a plant on the back; they don't have one.
- Never recite “Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers” to a plant; he won't appreciate being spat upon.
- Never sing “Mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy” to a plant; it will not only cause it to hate mares, does, and lambs but will also convince it that you are really quite an ass.

I'm sure that if you follow these simple rules, you and your plants will have a long, meaningful relationship together, providing the seven-year locusts don't nest in your argyle socks.



A VIRGIN QUEEN

Nothing grows
Within her walled garden
Though she stoops over frozen sprouts
With empty water can in hand
Muttering nothing to no one.

Only a creeping chill hangs,
Hugging the lifeless blossoms—
Crystalline forms which shatter at the touch
Of probing fingers
Or wither in the face
Of any warmth.

Poor Miss Helen—ancient at twenty,
By twenty-five, hardly alive,
With certain death at thirty.
Could warmth of passion thaw
The chilling glance of soulless eyes,
Those pursing lips,
Or clipped, forbidding words;
A gentle word, a warm caress,
A hand upon her cloistered breast,
A kiss implanted on impassive lips?

She sits alone, enjoying wormwood tea:
A virgin queen, presiding over death,
Living out her life in a garden of ice,
To lie as cold and lonely in her grave
As in her bed each night.

—Annette Norris



STRIFE & DIVISION

A Need For Revision?

A LOOK AT WOMEN IN THE CHURCH TODAY

Illustration by Tomie Dugas

BY KATHERINE MORRISON

The priesthood of the Episcopal Church opened to qualified women on January 1, 1977. The decision was reached by a substantial majority at the 65th General Convention in October following months of controversy and coverage by the media.

Whatever the position of a church on the ordination of women, no church can ignore the changes that are taking place now.

When asked for their views on the ordination of women, the majority of Auburn religious leaders were eager to share their thoughts which ran from one extreme to the other.

Roderick Sinclair of the Episcopal College Center feels that it is very important that the Episcopalian Church ordain women. "To me it is just that all human beings serve God in the way they choose," said Sinclair. He does not deny that sex can make a difference in the way a minister relates to the congregation.

"A woman would identify with the special pains and emotions of women, such as the experience of childbirth or the experience of

having been treated as a second class citizen. A woman brings her femaleness to every situation, and this is a property which has been lacking in the priesthood. All decisions have been made from the male point of view. Now decisions will reflect the fullness of human opinion, not just male opinion.

"Sex shouldn't be a block," he continued, "The change of any minister has an impact, but any woman who is pastoral will have no more difficulty than a man."

Bill McLemore, priest at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, says that the congregation is concerned, but it has not been a massive issue.

He is in favor of the ordination of women, saying, "Before, a woman did not have this option. She didn't think about becoming a priest because priests were male. Now women will have the freedom to know if they want to be priests. They will have the freedom to decide. I see women priests working in specialized fields and as assistant priests at first."

Asked about the attitude of his congregation, he said, "I don't think Holy Trinity is ready now for

a female priest. The authority of tradition is strong, and I feel they will continue to tend toward a male."

Father August Englert of Saint Michael's said that the Catholic Church has been watching the Episcopal Church.

"We are farther behind in facing the issue," he says. "In a historical context, generally we should be moving toward a point where women have the same equality as men in the eyes of God. It will come, but it will be slow. We don't want difficulty in the flock. Our main concern is how folks can be cared for and ministered to. I favor the ordination of women, but feel it should be approached slowly and with prudence."

Sisters Josepha McNutt and Mary Frances Wilkinson are definitely in favor of the ordination of women in the Catholic Church.

"The Episcopalians have done a lot for our movement because we will be facing this issue very soon," said Sister Mary Frances. "As it is now, half the human race is excluded. Women have always performed ministerial duties in the

church, but it went unrecognized."

"There is no theological or scriptural evidence against the ordination of women," said Sister Josepha. "The main factor is tradition."

Both sisters feel that women would make good confessors. They say that women often come to them before going into confession with the priest. Sister Josepha said, "Women should have the same right men have had of being able to confess to someone of their own sex."

Would a female priest be accepted in Auburn?

"The spirit is always ahead of the church," said Sister Josepha. "We will have to move very slowly and prudently."

"I would think Auburn would be more ready than some other places because it is more cosmopolitan," said Sister Mary Frances.

Do they have aspirations toward priesthood?

"I don't think I would want to be a priest," said Sister Josepha.

"Not now, it would have to be a call, but I wouldn't rule it out," said Sister Mary Frances.

"We are being overwhelmed by a lot of noise and aggression," said the Rev. Robert Cox of the Covenant Reformed Presbyterian Church. "I feel we have fallen prey to basic things. As far as women in the pulpit and teaching doctrine, it is not scriptural. We must believe in the trustworthiness of the scriptures when things get out of order."

'And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.'

I Corinthians 14:35

"I believe there is a high place for women in home, church, and society," concluded Cox.

On the other hand, the Rev. McCoy Franklin of the First Presbyterian Church in Auburn (part of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.) said that his church actually had a young woman pastor last summer.

"She was a student intern," said Franklin. He said that twenty-seven-year-old Dusty Kenyon, a student at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, "did all the things a minister does—she participated in all phases of the ministry. She preached some, taught, led in worship, and in administration." How was she received by the congregation? "Very well, very well," the Rev. Franklin stated. "Even those who were skeptical at first were very positive about her by the time she left. . . . They could relate to her very easily. . . . It was an experience they hadn't had, and it shattered a lot of misconceptions and fears."

The Rev. Franklin expressed his personal views on women in the church by saying, "I think we couldn't do without them! That (sex) shouldn't be a factor. There's room for all gifts. Everybody in the church should be free to use the gifts God has given him. The church for years has missed out on a lot of gifts the women had."

The Rev. John Jeffers of the Auburn First Baptist Church said: "Within the Southern Baptist Convention women have performed some of the same things as men for 108 years. They work as missionaries the same as men. This pretty well indicates our attitude. We give men and women equal status and equal compensation for duties."

"Locally, women have served in all ministries except pastor. Women have communicated the Gospel orally and served as ministers of education and ministers of music."

"Anyone can be ordained at the pleasure of the congregation by democratic process," said Jeffers, "but I don't foresee women being

'But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'

For Adam was first formed, then Eve.'

I Timothy 2:12, 13

ordained because the tradition of ministers being male is so strong.

"Women do function in all ministerial roles, but I feel that the one position of pastor will be held by males. This does not mean that females are not qualified. Tradition is the strong guiding factor."

"No, I don't see it in the Baptist church," commented the Rev. Harry Stewart of Parkway Baptist. "I know of no young ladies who have expressed a desire to become ministers."

When asked how his congregation would react to a female pastor, Stewart said, "I don't think they would want one."

"There is no scriptural limitation on women becoming ministers. The thinking of most people would be the limitation."

"Baptist churches are in the hands of local congregations. A woman wishing to become a minister would have to have a personal call and would be examined just like anyone else."

Speaking of his congregation's feelings about a female minister, the Rev. Felix E. Montgomery of Lakeview Baptist Church said, "The reaction would be considerably divided and strong in both directions."

"I don't know how I feel," said Montgomery. "It would probably work very well, but I'm not sure people in this area would be receptive to it."

When asked what problems a woman might encounter as an ordained Baptist minister, Montgomery replied, "There would be

several things to overcome—the traditional role of the minister—and she might not be accepted.”

The Rev. Rudet Adkinson of the Assembly of God Church said, “We have women ministers in our church and we have had one in Auburn.”

Adkinson said he was in favor of the ordination of women and that a female minister caused no problem in his congregation.

When asked if he thought female ministers would become commonplace, Adkinson replied, “As far as the movement is concerned, I don’t think it will become any more popular than it has been. The ratio will be about the same.”

“Churches of Christ do not have women preachers,” said Roger Dill of the Auburn Church of Christ. “Our whole framework is of biblical orientation. There are a number of passages of scripture that would limit a woman in this. (1st Corinthians 14:34-5; 1st Timothy 2:11-15; 1st Peter 13:1-2). Some would argue with this application but a careful reading would reveal that the scripture fits this context.

“The women in our church do just about everything except preaching or holding positions of leadership authority.

“Our adult classes studied this for about three weeks. This is a matter of biblical authority with us, not superiority or inferiority. In the biblical framework the term for authority is from the military. We are all equal in the eyes of God, but cannot all have the same rank or authority. God has established the rank.

“Those churches who are scripturally oriented will strive to hold to purity of scripture revelation. The biblically-oriented churches have a better framework, and I think it’s a real tragedy that others have fallen away from it.”

“We have women ministers and have had for a number of years,” said the Rev. Charles R. Britt, pastor of Auburn United Methodist Church.

“As to my personal feelings, I

have a three-fold answer. Intellectually and theologically I see no objection whatever. Emotionally, I react negatively. However, I feel that women should not be barred from any office in the church.”

**‘Likewise, ye
wives, be in subjec-
tion to your own hus-
bands; that if any o-
bey not the word,
they also may with-
out the word be won
by the conversation
of the wives’**

I Peter 3:1

When asked if he thought more women would be ordained in the future, he replied, “No, I really don’t see that as far as our denomination is concerned. It’s almost like a fad, and it has peaked.”

In answer to a question about problems a woman might have in the ministry, Britt replied, “A man can move around easier than a woman. The appointive system of the Methodist Church would create some family problems for married women. A male minister is able to relate effectively to both men and women in his congregation. At times it would be hard for a woman to relate to the men in her congregation.”

“There’s not anything that I have done in the ministry that a woman could not do,” said Richard D. Cobb, minister at Grace United Methodist Church. “There’s nothing that a minister is expected to do that a woman could not do.

“Nowhere in the creation story were women given less brainpower or made less equal than men. I am very much in favor of women having as much opportunity in any profession as men. Women still are not equal in some areas. This is a process of maturation.”

Cobb said there are at least four

ordained women ministers serving in Alabama-West Florida churches.

Commenting on the attitude of his congregation, Cobb said, “Any minister who comes to Grace will be judged by how well that person serves in the ministry. The University gives us a pluralistic community. Personality, skill, and qualifications would take care of any culture gap.

“However,” Cobb added, “Any woman in the ministry would have to be more exceptional than a man at this time in history.”

The vast range of views on the subject in Auburn alone proves that the issue is far from dead. Throughout Alabama, local churches have faced this and other crises in recent years. The denominations such as the United Methodist Church and the Presbyterian Church in the United States (Southern), are more likely to take a liberal stance on women’s role. Schisms in these groups have recently led to the formation of separate, “continuing” churches in the South that adhere to a more conservative doctrine, not only on women’s place in the church but on many issues.

Yet from the beginning some religious bodies, notably the Quakers, have had women ministers. Congregational Churches, the Disciples of Christ, and some Baptists have ordained women for almost a century. The Salvation Army has always taken women’s participation in all phases of church work for granted.

Elsie Thomas Culver in her book, *Women in the World of Religion*, says, “The attitude of the local church toward its women will also depend—let us face it—largely on the women themselves—on both their ability and their amiability.”

In other chapters of her book she states that, “Women had not been, it is true, part of the Twelve, but this was a matter of normal conformance to the culture of the day. . . . Jesus did not attack or urge his disciples to attack such normative culture.”

Elsie Culver, herself an ordained Congregationalist minister and for fourteen years director of Public Relations for the World Council of Churches, takes a stand for women's equality in the pulpit.

'Let the women learn in silence with all subjection.'

I Timothy 2:11

Basing her opinion on the belief that barring women from the pulpit is not doctrinal, she goes on to say, "Jesus' ministry cuts straight across all that has gone before. In no area is that more evident than as we study the history of women in religion. Certainly the old taboos and arguments which had develop-

ed out of a long history of Hebrew prejudice in this field had no place in his thinking. Women were people—friends to be visited, chance acquaintances with whom to discuss theology by the village well, a mother whose child was sick."

Paul's letters to the early Christian churches give rules for church government that form part of the Biblical basis for women taking a lesser role in church affairs. Paul's writings, coupled with the example set by the first Christian churches, influence most Protestant church government today. That famous apostle's message to women to "keep silence in the churches" has had both literal and liberal translation made of it. Some believe that such instructions were to a particular bunch of trouble-making women in the church at Corinth, (Cor. 14:34). Others believe that Paul's

words in that and following verses are guidelines for women's behavior in the church today.

And so the arguments go on. Says Emil Brunner, "It is absolutely impossible to put down in black and white as a universal rule, which spheres of activity 'belong' to women and which do not. This can only become clear through experience, and for experience, first of all, the field must be thrown open."

If approached with an open mind by men and women of good will, many grievances on the part of women who feel called to a full ministry should be solved. St. Paul also wrote *this* message in First Corinthians: "But as God hath distributed to every man, as the Lord hath called every *one*, so let him walk. And so ordain I in all churches."



SIDE TWO By 416-80-3883

Young we were, when first we
envisioned:
Lust and Love and the fear of
decision.

Powerful Cimmerians
We drank as barbarians
So careful always to dispel
suspicion

Ignorant parents impose no
prohibition.

Living our dreams; dreaming our lives.
Fantasy—Fact
Smoke filled our eyes.

As raiding marauders, we outbanded
our borders,
Attacking—no fleeing,
Conquering—no, seeking
And found ourselves faced with the
War of Adolescence

With musicians for leaders
And atheistic, Christian teachers
We fought for fabulous riches
Filling the trenches

With morbid remains of bloody
victims.

I stared at the slaughter,
Noticed someone's raped daughter
And a face that reminded me of
you.

Maelstrom of madness
Screaming music of sadness
Pierced my mind
Unconscious but not blind
I fell . . .
into a world of apparent order.

Day in
Day out
Be quiet
Don't shout!
Or else, you'll wake the baby
And tiptoeing about,
I dress and walk out . . .
into the rubble of Maturity.

—Kenneth Brooks

APPROACH

Thousands in the forest calling
As three pine needles
Fall together to soft ground
That cushions the falling
Warmth. The simplest sound
Of needles is
Delicate.

—Jim Warren

LIKE SO MANY THINGS

Eyes blue
I have seen
brown too
I have known.
Yes, you
guessed it—gone
with the irises
of summer.
See the friendship rings
foolish on my dresser
like so many things.

—Martha Duggar

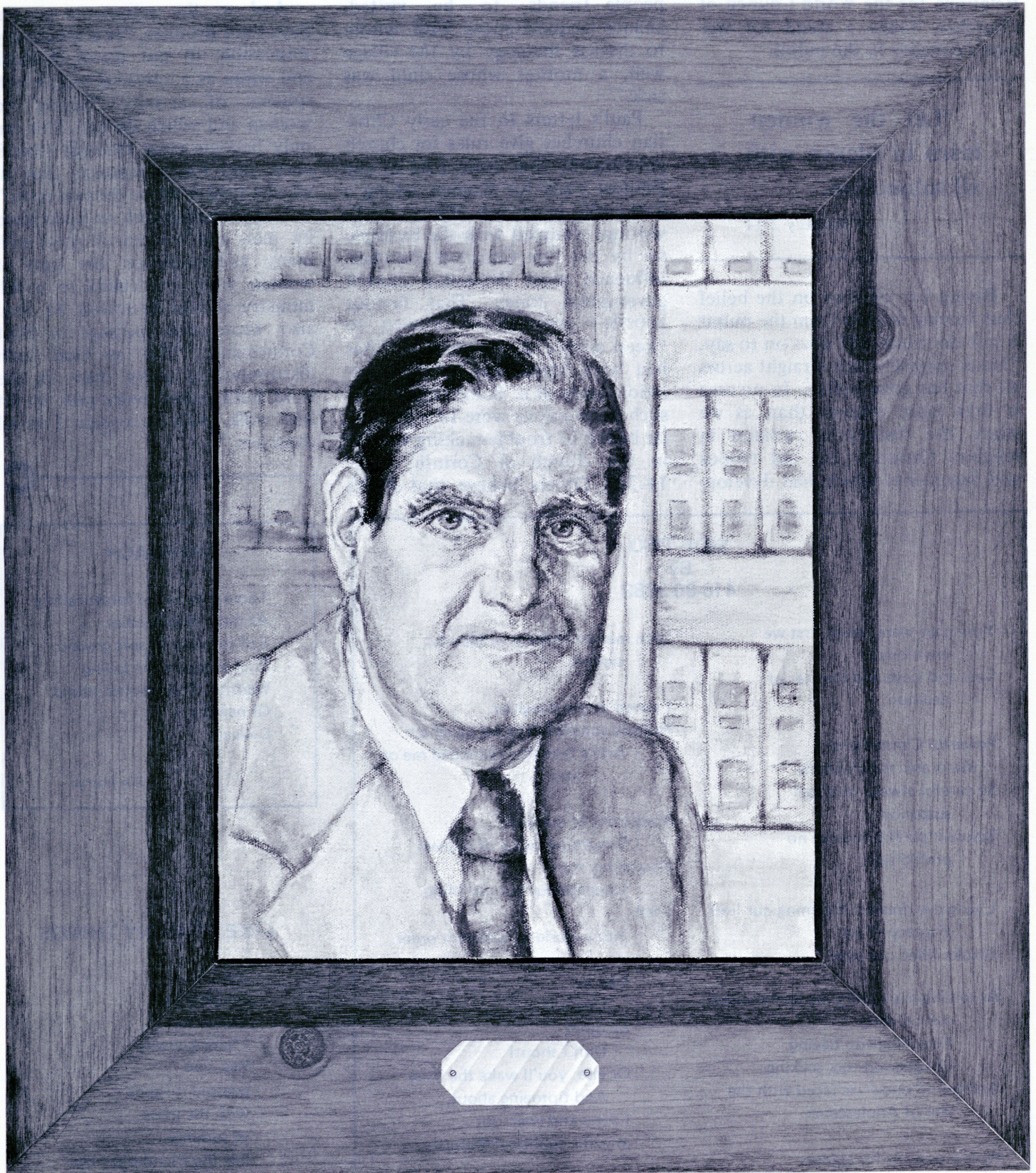


Illustration by Kim Smith

THE RETIRING GIANT

Chief Justice Heflin Stepping Up Or Down?

BY MARTHA DUGGAR

"That was a big sport before the television days. Nobody had money enough during the Depression to go to the movies, so the courthouse was the great source of recreation—'spectator sports'."

A huge chuckle followed. Howell Heflin, Chief Justice of Alabama's Supreme Court, whose six-year term is drawing to a close, reminisced about his first taste of the law and witness stand. His pronounced Southern accent softens every word. To him, it is a "coathouse," and "spectatuh spots."

His shaggy red eyebrows sit over large blue eyes in whimsical contrast to his dark brown hair, graying at the temples. The face looks younger in real life than in photographs. But, after all, Heflin is only 55, young by political standards and ripe for the campaign trail.

People speculate, around Montgomery, at least, that Heflin will join a host of hopefuls for the governor's race in 1978. Being a public-spirited man who became Chief Justice after friends urged him to run, Heflin seems a natural choice to fill the glaring gap that will appear as Wallace's term expires.

The '78 Senatorial race lends itself to further talk. Again Heflin's name is up front as a likely man to replace seventy-eight-year-old John Sparkman in the U.S. Senate. One complication here is that Governor Wallace is just as likely to join that race. Sparkman himself might vie for re-election.

Heflin shies away from questions on the subject, however.

"Oh, I don't know what I'd do definitely. I plan to go back and practice law. I don't think as long as I'm a judge I would be involved in discussing politics, particularly me as a potential political candidate," he says.

During the interview I asked Heflin if he could even imagine himself running for governor. Again, the practiced response but with a touch of amusement.

"Well, I don't know. I'd have to wait till I get out of office and then evaluate—go home and talk to the people, see . . . Judges are not very good weathervanes of political winds," he said with mock high sentence, grinning as I laughed.

On October 16, 1976, while the Auburn University and Georgia Tech football teams wrestled on the field before thousands, TV cameras were being hoisted into place in the Judicial Building on Dexter Avenue in Montgomery. Chief Justice Heflin's court had permitted camera use in a surprisingly liberal ruling that allows TV coverage of high court activities. Heflin must have liked that—people back enjoying "spectatuh spots"—this time with Heflin as the star.

As Heflin's term as Chief Justice expires this month, he leaves office knowing that he made a giant mark on Alabama's court system with passage of the Judicial Article. This piece of legislation, aimed at unifying Alabama's variegated court procedures, earned national headlines applauding Alabama's innovative efforts. Passed by popular vote in 1973, the Judicial Article overhauled the old system of justice in the State.

When started on the subject of Judicial Reform, Heflin speaks with zeal and enthusiasm as though trying to win a jury to his side. The subject is understandably dear to his heart. He explained at length to me the various changes caused by the Judicial Article.

For one thing, appellate judges' salaries increased to \$33,500. All judges must now be lawyers. Mobility of judgepower, better business-like operation of the courts, and the transfer of rule-making power from the Legislature to the courts became effective. After a cry from the people over the quickie divorce scandals, a system to discipline judges was set up in the form of a Judicial Enquiry Commission.

"There have been five or six judges in the State who were on the borderline of becoming alcoholics, and those people have been straightened out by the Judicial Enquiry Commission without the necessity of further charging," said Heflin. "They were told to either straighten up or 'you're going to have to face charges,' and in each of these instances, straightening up occurred."

The days when the State's judicial circuits were "fiefdoms where the judge was sorta the baron and ran his own show" are a thing of the past.

Criticisms naturally arise over an issue of this importance. One criticism is that judges' retirement pay is far too high in proportion to what judges pay into the fund. Heflin was ready with an answer.

"Well, they pay into the fund. Some of the things have had

misstatements made about them, but they pay into the fund and it was set up in '73 that they pay 4½ per cent contribution and in '75 they raised it to 6 per cent contribution.

"Acting judges' retirement sometimes has the appearance of being a political whipping boy. Number one, I think people have to realize that lawyers are making money, and if you're going to attract qualified lawyers to the bench, they are going to have to be paid at least the lower level of good lawyer compensation.

"The federal government retires its judges at 100 per cent of their pay. Most of the Southern states retire their judges at really better than they do here in Alabama. Our retirement system in the Southeast is close to being on the bottom as compared to other states."

Whatever the pay scale of judges, Alabama's courts themselves have become famous for speedy justice and fast handling of cases. This phenomenal success in clearing up backlogged cases has brought Alabama worldwide recognition. Thanks to Heflin's application of mobile judge power, retired and underworked judges were put to work to dispose of hundreds of appeals cases and bring the docket "current." Since 1973 the docket has stayed that way, despite the fact there are more cases every day.

Whether Heflin got his *savoir faire* from the Capstone where he taught and attended Law School or from firsthand experience in his own law office in Tuscumbia where he was reared, the fact is that visible progress has been made since he took over as Chief Justice in 1971. For politicians who might someday run against him, he has made a record rather hard to beat.

Many Alabamians remember Heflin's late uncle, Cotton Tom, as a jovial politician who had as many jokes as campaign promises. Cotton Tom's joke about the man who stumbled drunk to his uncle's funeral, mistook the piano for the coffin, and exclaimed about what a

fine set of teeth the old man had, is still laughed about by people close to Goat Hill history.

What does Cotton Tom's kinsman and possibly a future occupant of the white-columned governor's mansion on Perry Street think the main concerns are in Alabama for the near future?

"Biggest problem? I think the biggest problem is to do something about quality education. Regardless of what may be the problem, the scores that are made by Alabama schoolchildren. . . on standardized achievement tests are alarming, basically indicating that a high school graduate in Alabama has got the equivalent of about a tenth grade education as compared to the national average. This is, to me, a very serious problem.

"Some say it's due to integration. But regardless of whatever may be the cause (I'm not saying what the cause is myself). . . you've got to have improvement in subject matter education.

"That's one big problem I don't hear anybody speaking out about. They talk about the schools and the appropriations and diversion, but to me the biggest problem is whether or not the person who is finishing high school is getting a good education.

"I think the South particularly is on the verge of tremendous industrial development and growth. There's no question that the Sunbelt, as we're known, if we're going to grow (and everybody predicts that in the next 25 years the South and Alabama are going to have fabulous growth) we've got to do some *planning* with it.

"Health services. . . are a problem. There are areas in which no doctors are available—rural areas. A figure comes to mind, I don't say it's accurate, it's a ballpark figure, that there is a need in Alabama for around 1200 additional doctors. . . like general practitioners—a tremendous shortage. Medical schools will turn out for Alabama no more than about 150 or 200 doctors a year.

"All aspects of the legislative processes are in tremendous need of reform. The executive branch is in tremendous need of reform to make it more effective. There are all sorts of problems. I don't reckon you'll ever have an era in which you don't have any problems. . ."

Reform is Heflin's middle name. "To achieve your goal, to bring about reform," were things he mentioned as the best part of being Chief Justice. The hardest part, of course, was "getting the funding."

"That's the most frustrating right now—getting adequate funding [for the Judicial Article and court reform]."

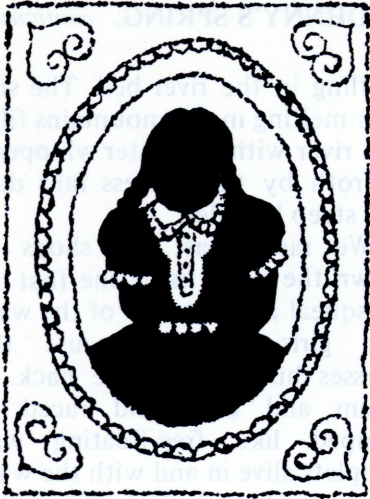
"Really, the people that will fight us in the Legislature on funding are the same ones that fought us all along. We beat them, but they are in pretty strategic positions on the financing of the thing. We've got the same old enemies that you had all along. They never give up."



THOUGHTS FROM A STREETCORNER IN MARRAKESH AT HALF PAST NOON

Crowds and no filters
Dusty corners and animal excretion
Peer at the soles
Of my worn leather boots
That hugged a mountain
Two years before now
Near a hamlet name too long too forgotten
And I sweat, beads collecting beneath
The straw brimmed hat I wear
Soon falling, streaking tracks
Across my face
Showing hidden valleys
Epilogues to the years
Travels on the road
And today I find time for thinking
Among the high shrills of nomads
City dwellers and children
Running chores for veiled mothers
Enroute to market
And I search for a rooftop
To write this story for you
Watching the madness below
That is smothered by the silence of night

—Mark Beffart



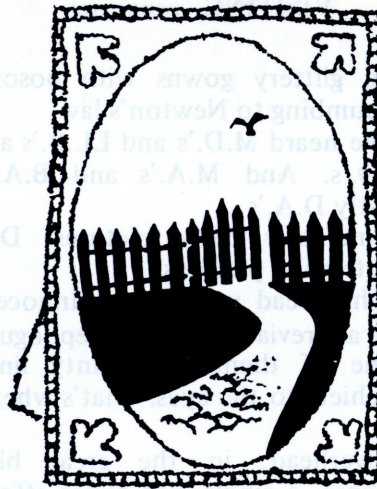
Illustrations by Tomie Dugas

Charlotte

BY DAVID BLACK

Charlotte sat on the steps of Grant's Department Store in her stiff cotton dress. Miss Jewel was responsible for this; she's the one that had said all *proper* young ladies wear white cotton dresses like her dumb cousin Linda had last summer. At prayer service Wednesday night, she had prayed for her mean little brother to be drafted into the Korean War. Now she knew that she shouldn't have done it, and this was her punishment. She had considered joining herself as a tent washer or a truck driver. She had even planned on becoming a piss-ant waitress, so that everyone would dislike her, too. But the army wouldn't take a nine-year-old girl; she had tried that. And no one could crab as well as Miss Jewel, the waitress at Grant's. Charlotte hated her brother, she hated Linda, she hated Miss Jewel, and she hated this damned cotton dress. The starch was beginning to melt into her armpits.

Charlotte stared intently down the dirt road. Maybe if she looked long enough, a camel would come wandering down the street. She licked the sweat from her upper lip and thought about getting another coke. Then, just coming around the



Visiting A Former Classmate

BY TERRI RICHBURG

The grass never gets too high here. There is a trellised rose. Everything is quietly controlled.

He is to the left. Across the well-kept lawn. The marble glitters in the sun. Gray and crinkly like his eyes. I approach with caution.

I hear the car before I see it. The adolescent mirth jars the dignity of the place. They speed by the gate, heedless, uncaring. A silver meteor flung out. A beer can.

I want to fall down on my knees and thank them. Lest I be too sacrosanct. We were never sacrosanct. We drank beer and laughed and raised hell. Dear God, I'm getting old.

Sly devil. You won again. Your Sagittarian luck.

I sit beside him. Mindlessly pluck and chew a bitterweed. Then it hits me. He explained the chemical components creating the tangy, bitter taste. Human saliva and dog piss.

I throw down the weed and glare at him with disgust. The marble sparkles tauntingly.

The class reunion was boring. No, suffocating. Everyone wore business suits with paunches and



Johnny's Spring

BY MARGARET BRADLEY

We were all together that morning: me, my sisters Anne and Sarah, my brother James, and my brother Johnny. We made a rowdy group headed for the river for the first swim of the year. It was a good hour's walk from the house with the road winding in its slow red-dirt way down the mountain, and little legs pumping to keep up with older, longer ones. The sun shone in its early morning clarity revealing all the changes the spring was working. Looking into the valley, we could see that pale yellow-green of new leaves spotted in the darkness of the pines and edging the road passing through town. There was an inebriating smell of rebirth coming from the soil and the woods. We ran, emptying our bodies of winter, ready to fill them with spring at the river.

The road through town ran parallel to the river. The shops, unpainted and open-fronted to display the goods for passing tourists, lined the road on both sides; one side sloping up toward the mountain, the other down to the river. There were great boulders along the banks of the river, breaking the water flow, creating pools; great, massive rock worlds

CHARLOTTE, *continued*

corner of Lee Street, she made out a dark figure plowing down the road. It wasn't a camel, but it was Willy. He had always been good to her, like the time he had let her drive her daddy's tractor. Well, she did have to threaten to tell Daddy what Willy did behind the barn when he knew no one was watching, but Willy probably would have let her drive the tractor anyway. And all the times he had let her chew Red Man. That took a little persuading, too, but basically, he was a good colored man. As he came closer, she could see his strong muscles clearly beneath his sweat-soaked shirt.

"Hi Willy. You sure look like you've been working hard."

"Yez, Miz Cha'let. I finished tear'n do' fence down on do' back ten t'day."

Willy's wet clothes hung on his massive form. Beads of sweat covered his forehead and trickled into his eyes. The noonday sun shone down on his glistening, kinky hair. Charlotte knew that she had 15 cents and that she had to get Willy a coke. She took the money from her pocket.

"Here, Willy. Here's some money for you to get a coke."

"Oh no, Miz Cha'let. Dat's ahright. I be back home in a'nudder thu'dy minutes and I get some wad'a from do' well."

A strained look crossed Willy's face. He knew what would come next.

"Now don't be silly. Get something before you die of heat exhaustion." Charlotte had Willy by the arm before he could resist. She pressed the money into his wet palm and started dragging him toward the front door of Grant's. Willy looked around desperately in hopes that no one was watching and that he could get in and leave before anyone noticed.

After entering the store, Charlotte saw a new lipstick display and went over to try out a new shade. The soda fountain was empty. Willy

VISITING, *continued*

long glittery gowns with bosoms succumbing to Newton's law.

We heard M.D.'s and LL.B.'s and Ph.D.'s. And M.A.'s and B.A.'s. Mostly D.A.'s.

And saw baby pictures. Desperate baby pictures.

They read your name. Innocent of abbreviations and epilogues. Some of them put dainty linen kerchiefs to the eyes. That's when I left.

Overhead, in the great blue expanse, a single bird glides effortlessly. The grass is warmly pungent. I feel the fingers of the sun.

You lucky sucker. You beat us all.

5 X 7

Once I loved you
Not the body
Who bent my soul
But the soul who
Bent my body
Why?
That question asked me
And I understood
But did not know
Until that cold April day
Watching the pounding surf
A solitary figurine danced
lightly in the waves
Foam churning around knees
Breasts bobbing in a rhythm to the sea
You ran through me
So that on my back
All I saw was myself
A reflection from your eyes
And I began to laugh
Only your salty lips sent me on
a sailing ship
For days the vision of the moment
kept me high
And the trance I was left with
Remained a negative in transition
That I only hoped to enlarge

—Mark Beffart

JOHNNY'S SPRING, *continued*

settling in the river bed. The snow was melting in the mountains filling the river with icy water whipped to a froth by the endless falls down the steep hillsides.

We raced past the shops and down the slope to be the first ones to squeal at the touch of the water, the girls slower because their dresses buttoned in the back. We swam and dove and raced and jumped like free-floating water droplets alive in and with the water. The sun clung to our skin and we glistened more than any rainbow trout.

All morning and into the afternoon we renewed ourselves in the river, finally climbing to the rocks to rest and dry. We lay half sleeping, sated in our desire for winter to end and the spring to begin, dreaming of the other days coming—all of us but Johnny. He went back to the water. I watched him. He climbed a rock near the middle of the river and dove into the large pool below it. He would swim a while then climb and dive again; so many times I lost count. Then he paused and stood on the rock looking down the river, standing still and straight as the water rushed below him. I felt the sun draw away from us. I watched him dive again, so slowly arching and piercing the surface with his hands, down-down-down. He rose so slowly reaching up, a bloody gash on his head and eyes screaming what his throat lacked the air for. I couldn't run; my legs were roots of some dead tree trapped under the rocks, stiff and unresponsive. Down he went again, pushed by the river, drinking in his death. The others never noticed me—watching our brother drown. It seemed as though the river darkened and the air became a chilly thinness as I stood there and the others realized what had happened.

We found his body not far down the river, already white and bruised, staring up at the mountain and the sky. We wouldn't move him. James

hurried quietly to the far end of the counter. Miss Jewel looked surprised to see him. Staring at the counter, Willy softly mumbled that he wanted a glass of water. When he got up enough courage, Willy raised his eyes from the counter, and yes, Miss Jewel was at the sink getting him a glass of water.

She smiled broadly as she brought the glass to him. Then she threw it in his face.

"We don't serve niggers."

Charlotte heard the commotion and looked up from the lipsticks to see what had happened. She saw Willy, wiping the water from his face, slowly walking toward the door. Miss Jewel stared at him, glaring. Charlotte rushed to Willy and placed her hand on his sleeve.

"Wait, Willy."

Willy was almost in tears.

"Oh no Miz' Cha'let. Willy will be gett'en home now."

A crimson shadow crossed Charlotte's face then left as she gained her composure. She walked to the soda fountain.

"Good morning, Miss Jewel."

The waitress's face remained expressionless.

"I'd like to order two cokes to go."

Charlotte's face glowed with serene purity. Miss Jewel filled two cups and placed them on the counter. Charlotte took one of the cokes and handed it to Willy, who was at the door and too scared to struggle. Then she walked casually up to the counter, took the second coke, and threw it in Miss Jewel's face.

"I hope this is refreshing."

Charlotte turned to walk away, but Miss Jewel grabbed the sash of her dress and yanked her across the counter. Miss Jewel, covered in coke, began shaking Charlotte and screaming. Charlotte grabbed Miss Jewel's hair. Willy stood helplessly by the door, afraid to leave and afraid to help Charlotte.

Almost immediately, two of the cashiers were at the counter, trying

to separate the conglomeration of fingernails, hair, and white cotton. When Charlotte finally let go of Miss Jewel's hair, one of the cashiers dragged her kicking and screaming out the door. Once outside, she stood up and brushed her hair back with her hands. In the distance, she saw Willy running down the street.



LONG DISTANCE

Alone

in my room
I phoned you:
The ringing of
A promise forgotten—
Hollow.

As we spoke
In tense tones—
Solemn sounds
In the midst of
Silence—

You held out
Bruised emotions,
Tender not to the touch
Of the love I offered
But of the pain
Born from
Within.

I told you
Why
Without offering reasons,
And contrived excuses
Fell like blasted grain
Before your blade of
Resentment.

Alone
In my room
I phoned you,
But there was
No answer.

—Billy Leonard

went for help and the rest of us sat and watched over him. It seemed a long time, a cold, wet, winter long time. The river licked at him, rocking and bumping, sickening us. We pulled him onto the bank. Someone came, took him and sent us home. We were sent to walk in the dark and the cold, home, carrying with us the dead spring, carrying the leafless trees and the frozen water and the smell of death.

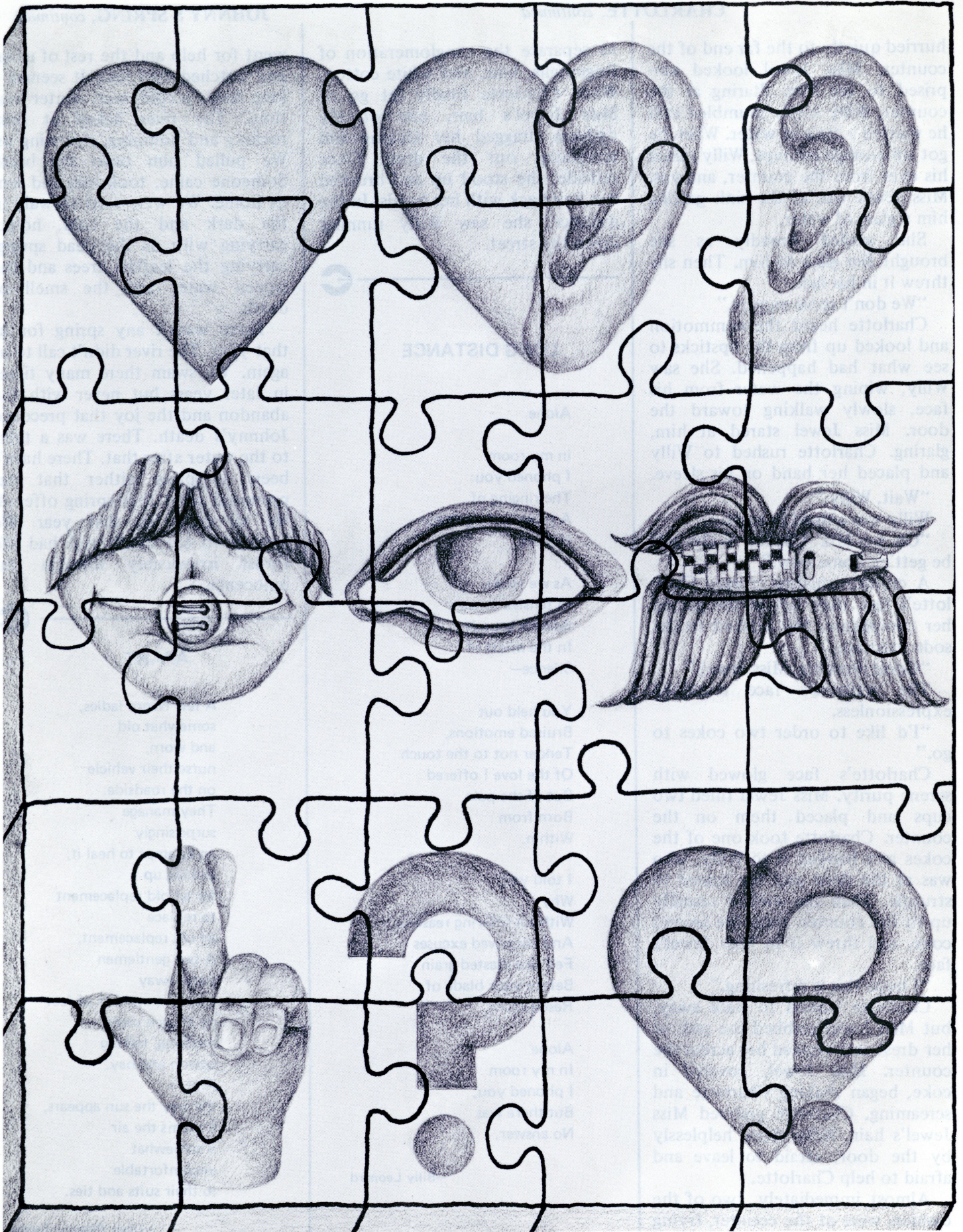
There wasn't any spring for us that year. The river didn't call to us again. We swam there many times in later years but never with the abandon and the joy that preceded Johnny's death. There was a taint to the water after that. There hasn't been a spring either that has promised what that spring offered. We all grew up that year. We learned to see death and had life thrust irrevocably through our innocence.



APART

A few Negro ladies,
somewhat old
and worn,
nurse their vehicle
on the roadside.
They manage
surprisingly
an attempt to heal it;
jacking up
for an old replacement
to replace
an old replacement.
A few gentlemen
stand away
a certain number of feet
on church steps,
smoking, talking
cotton and hay.
And in
the way the sun appears,
it seems the air
is somewhat
uncomfortable
to their suits and ties.

—Dean Wiseman Golden



Lovers and Other Liars : BEWARE !

BY WILLIAM H. DAVIS

Consider the difference it would make if human beings were so constituted that whenever they began to lie their voices began to quiver. This would mean that any time a man started to lie, anyone who was listening could tell immediately that he was lying! What would happen to human society if it suddenly became as easy to tell when someone was lying as it usually is to tell when someone is embarrassed? What would happen in the business world if no one could utter a lie without immediately being seen through? What would happen to politics? To religion? To advertising? Yea, even to romance?

The mind reels from the prospect. Surely every element of human intercourse would be drastically transformed. And since everyone is supposed to value the truth, we must presume that all of the changes that would take place in human society would be for the better. Presumably if people were no longer able to deceive each other, at least in oral communications, vast improvements would take place in all society. Crime would be enormously reduced. (Certainly all crimes that depend upon verbal deception would become impossible.) And further, there would be far more frankness and honesty in all human relations. The simple question, "Do you really like me?" or, "Are you really my friend?" would work wonders in revealing who your real friends are as over against those who are cultivating you for ulterior motives. Really, when you start thinking along these lines, you hardly know where to stop. If people were so made that the tension of lying

caused their voices to tremble, the implications for life and conduct would be overwhelming.

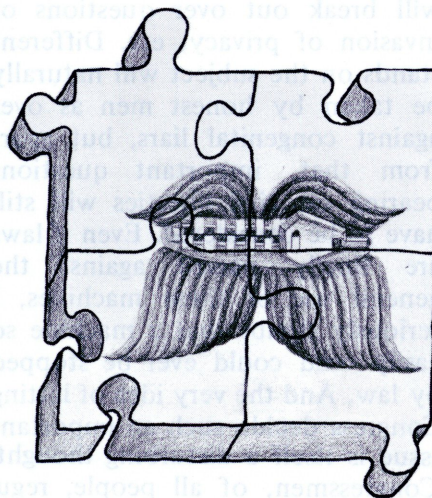
The amazing thing is, it turns out that people *are* so constituted. Apparently people's voices *do* quiver when they lie. It just happens that this tremor in the voice is not detectable by the unaided human ear. But it has now come to pass that a machine has been developed which can, with a high degree of accuracy, detect this tell-tale tremble in the voice of a lying man. This new machine is already on the market. It is reported to be considerably more accurate than the old polygraph machines. And of course it has the immense advantage of not requiring to be hooked up to the person being tested. All that is required is a tape recording of him speaking. The recording can be direct, or it can be taken from radio or TV or off the telephone. At one's leisure the tape is fed into the voice analyzer. The machine then scans the voice waves for certain oscillations. If these

vibrations are present, the machine registers what is being said as a lie.

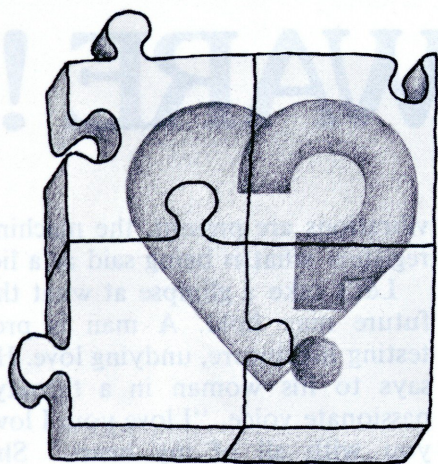
Let's take a glimpse at what the future may hold. A man is protesting his sincere, undying love. He says to his woman in a throaty, passionate voice, "I love you. I love you with all of my heart." She answers back, "Would you please speak directly into the microphone?" No doubt such a request would spoil a romantic moment. But an analysis of the man's voice might prove very enlightening, possibly for both parties.

This raises of course the difficult and embarrassing question of whether we *want* to be enlightened. Do we really want to know the whole truth and nothing but the truth? It may turn out that we prefer love's sweet deceptions to the unvarnished truth.

To take another example, do we really wish for the President of the United States to speak the whole truth? "Mr. President, are we keeping both the spirit and the letter of our recent treaty agreements with the Soviets?" "Mr. President, have you ever pocketed for personal use any campaign funds?" Remember now that very soon a thousand voice analyzers all over the country will be ready with an instant analysis of the President's "yes" or "no." (The machine can detect the tell-tale tremor even in a one word answer.) Presidential news conferences, hitherto a somewhat boring spectacle, now have an exciting prospect. Networks will have their own voice analyzers which can show us in the corner of the screen an instant analysis of the truthfulness of each answer! What thrills! As the President hems and haws in an attempt to evade the



plain truth without actually lying, the TV audience is waiting to see if he finally sets off the shrill beep of



the lie detector! Presidents will become as taciturn as Coolidge. What's more, it's possible that even spoken *refusals* to answer may reveal the tell-tale anxious tremor, thus telling the whole world that something important is being concealed in the non-answer. There will be no escape except in utter silence. Inquisitive reporters will now get for an answer only a glassy-eyed stare.

In fact, things are moving along already much more quickly than I would have guessed. On the sixth of November I heard an ABC radio newscast in which it was announced that Republicans had taped into a voice analyzer to check for lies. The Republicans claimed the results that Mr. Carter's voice "showed more tension" than Mr. Ford's, but the newscast gave no further elaboration upon that somewhat evasive remark. The Republicans have, however, declined to release the complete results of their analysis.

So we already see that campaigns for public office will become a whole new ball game. The ever-present voice analyzer will be down in the corner of the TV screen threatening at every moment to put out its warning beep. Candidates can hardly open their mouths without setting the wretched thing off. "I'm so happy to be here in Podunk today and to have a chance

to meet all of you!" BEEEEEP!! Only a Jimmy Carter or a George Washington could face the prospect. The rest of us mere mortals will be doomed. Elections may eventually be decided not by who tells the whole truth—an impossible goal for any politician—but by which man has lied the *least*. Statistical analyses may be established to compensate for the fact that one man may make more speeches than another, and the final result may be expressed in a single figure like a baseball player's batting average. We'll now have a man's lying average. A young congressman's future may be judged excellent on the basis of his extraordinarily low lying quotient.

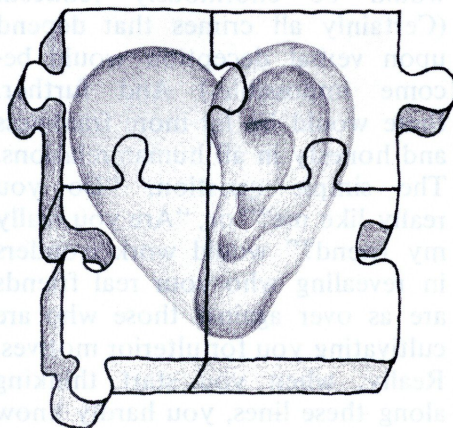
Politics will not be the only area of life affected. Family life will be revolutionized. We foresee either an immense strengthening of family life or the complete collapse of the home as we know it. "That's a really nice outfit you have on!" BEEEEEP! "We had to stay over a few hours to finalize that new contract." BEEEEEP! "Dad, she hit me first!" BEEEEEP! If any couple is willing to keep the machine running day and night, willing to let the beeps fall where they may—well, it will be a bold experiment in living. Pioneers in this effort should be publicly honored, if they survive.

Frivolity aside, the existence of these voice analyzers raises very serious questions. I am sure that fierce disagreements and debates will break out over questions of invasion of privacy, etc. Different stands on the subject will naturally be taken by honest men as over against congenital liars, but apart from that, important questions bearing on civil liberties will still have to be considered. Even if laws are finally passed against the general use of these machines, I seriously doubt that a machine so easily used could ever be stopped by law. And the very idea of letting Congress decide such an important issue is itself a disturbing thought. Congressmen, of all people, regu-

lating the use of lie detectors. Might as well place the fox to guard the henhouse. Congressmen will certainly pass a law against the machines being used *on them*. Even now they won't let recording devices in the House and Senate, and they have plenty of reasons for that prohibition, namely, the many silly things said there. Add to the silly things all the lies told and you can safely predict no changes in the law.

Our experience with this machine may prove in time to be so uncomfortable and inconvenient that it may finally be abolished by mutual consent, like gas warfare. The truth in constant doses may be just too awful. We may finally have to confess that the truth isn't what it's cracked up to be. "Give us pleasant lies," we may finally declare. Already, even before the advent of this new machine, we show a decided disinclination toward hearing the unvarnished truth.

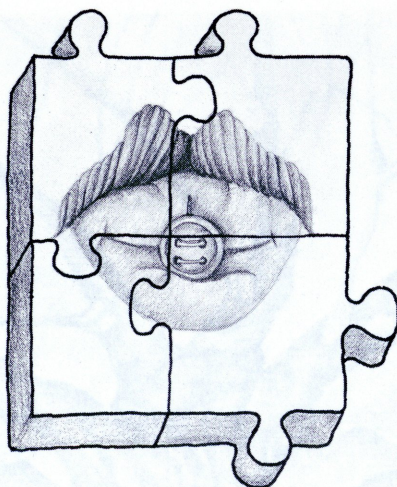
Of course there are many complications which will arise. We shall eventually want to know exactly how accurate the machine is. We shall need to know if people can train themselves, possibly with the aid of bio-feedback techniques, to deceive the machine. We shall want to know how the machine registers people who are obviously lying but may not think of themselves as lying, such as advertisers, salesmen, quack doctors and preachers, and the insane.



The problem this machine will

pose for us becomes more difficult the more accurate the machine turns out to be. If the machine is just eighty percent accurate, we'll not be tempted to rely too much on it. But if it is ninety-nine percent accurate, we'll be inclined to use it in all sorts of important situations. But what about the one percent? What about the one person in a hundred who may be unjustly hurt by the failure of the machine? The temptation will be just to let him suffer for the sake of the general utility the machine affords.

I had an experience recently that has some bearing on the present topic. I was shopping in a hi-fi store in Houston, and I saw on the counter near the cash register an impressive black box with several switches and lights attached. An ominous sign identified the box as a "Bad Check Detector." The box was obviously a dummy: anyone with a lick of sense knows that no



machine can detect bad checks. But a clerk told me that he had seen several prospective customers drop everything and flee when the check they had just written was placed in the black box.

(Now that I think of it, they probably *can* make a bad check detector. I'll bet there's a microscopic tremor in the handwriting of

someone signing a bad check!)

Anyway, when you consider the deterrent effect of a dummy machine, just imagine the deterrent effect of a real voice analyzer. "Is this a bad check, please?" "Gulp!" Eventually stores that could not afford real voice analyzers could just buy dummy ones. They would serve nearly as well. So possibly even if the voice analyzer turns out not to be so accurate, the deterrent effect alone may be considerable. I foresee that with the incorporation of various safeguards these machines will at the least remain very useful for intimidating the great mass of people. And so far as I am concerned, this is all to the good. I would like to go on record here and now as favoring the general use of these new lie detectors. Let the liars sweat. We folks who tell the truth have nothing to worry about. BEEEEP!!



THE SEA'S SONG

As I lie in ankle-deep water, the waves
of salty sea wash against me all day.
Supported by my elbows, I see clearly
the floor that holds me. My hands sink
easily into the soft rocky sand and
the water washes the sediment away,

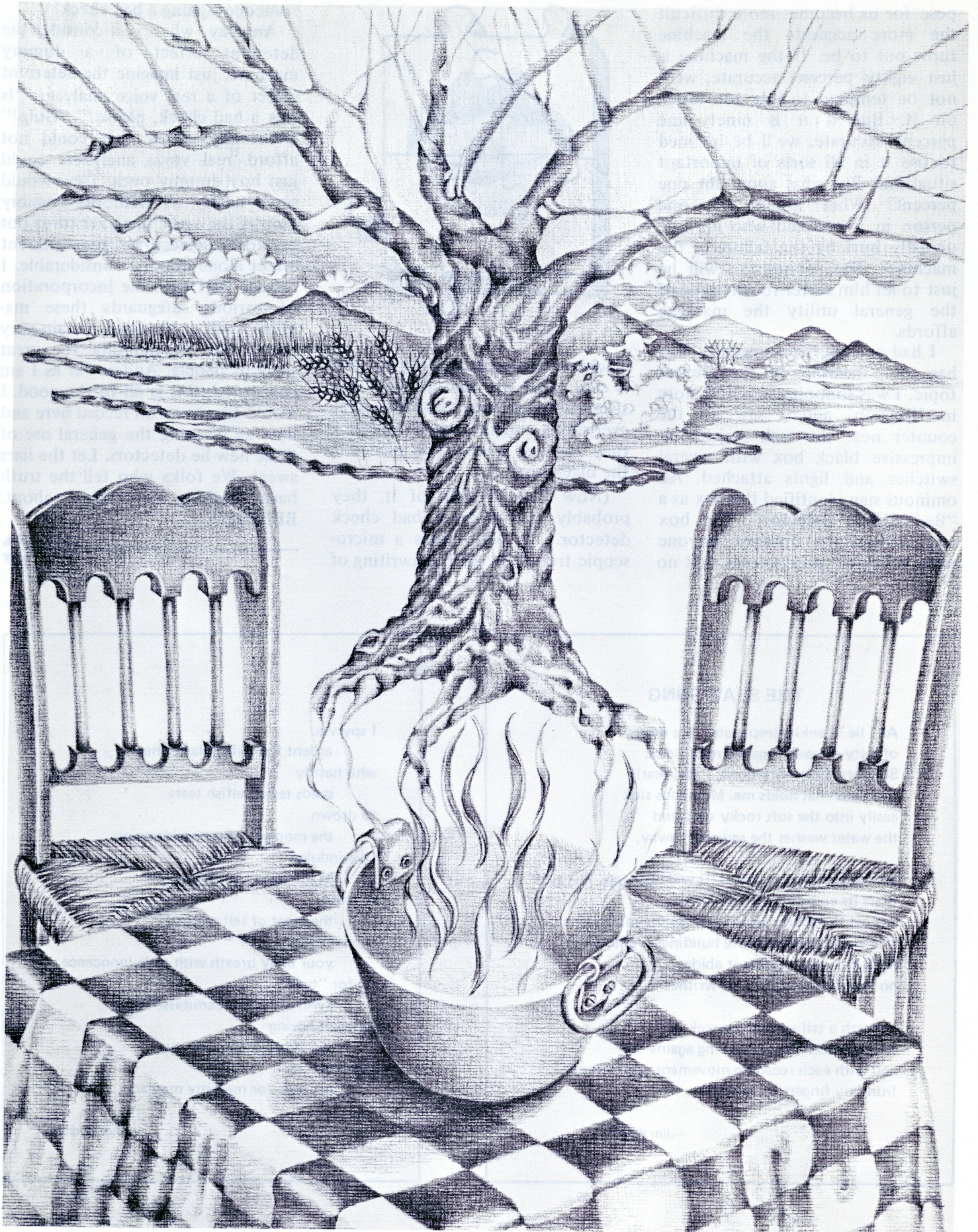
leaving only larger stones. It will not stop. The tide
roars its endless song and breaks
against the shore, wearing down the mountains
that feed it. Chalk-white buildings crumble
back into their home. It abides
no man or thing. The sea writhes

beneath a telling sun; we seek our
permanence. The waves sing against me
and with each receding movement take a stone
from my fingertips, calling.

—Jim Warren

I spy you
ardent fool with plaster heart,
who hastily
sheds tepid selfish tears
to drown
the moment of reconsideration.
Overindulge
in the appetizer of passion
to spoil
the meat of self control,
then breathe
your lusty breath with stale innocence.
As for "two"
i will drink my demitasse alone,
without having
the steam from your cup
get into
my eyes, or melt my mascara.

—Alice Kirsten



THE POLITICAL MANIFESTO OF CAIN

SATIRE BY MIKE IVEY

I am not writing to purge my conscience of guilt or to vindicate my actions to my fellowman. I feel no guilt; instead I am proud. I do not justify my actions, for they benefited mankind. I am writing to share with others my keen insight into history which inspired all my deeds.

History is revolution, the revolution of mankind against the malicious and unjust rule of heaven. In the beginning man came into being. And heaven decided man's fate. Heaven decided that man should be happy, be healthy, and live forever, but only so he could be its slave. Heaven decided that man should reason and obtain knowledge, but only so he could be useful. Heaven decided that man should live in paradise, but only so he would not be dissatisfied and revolt. Heaven decided that man should be innocent, but only so he could be controlled. And heaven decided that man should not eat from that tree, so that he would not possess the power, which was his by right, to overthrow and destroy heaven.

But man remained true to his proud and noble spirit, and with the aid of a generous and unselfishly, the serpent, ate the forbidden fruit. This was a necessary step in man's struggle against heaven's dominance. Had that first generation of revolutionaries possessed the intelligence and the courage to continue to rebel, man might have won his freedom then.

But those two, debased by years of slavery, cowered before heaven's bombastic threats of death which have yet to materialize. No one who has participated in rebellion—Adam, Eve, and myself—has died. Heaven merely cowed man back into slavery and moved him to a less desirable neighborhood as a reprimand. The just serpent, guilty

of no wrong, was cruelly mutilated and demoted to an untouchable social caste so that man could not afford to descend to take his advice.

New hope came with the new generation, since we were not as tainted with slavery as our parents. Of course Adam and Eve, fearfully subservient to heaven, tried to indoctrinate my brother and myself with boggy stories about man's "wickedness" and "evil" rebellion, and heaven's "just and righteous" wrath. Fortunately the divine spirit of pride and magnanimity which is man's so filled me that, even as a child, I perceived the truth hidden beneath the twisted propaganda that my parents sought to make me believe. As I grew older I recognized the existence of the revolution and understood its significance. I dedicated myself to the revolution with hope of gaining man's place among the gods.

But my brother Abel, my brother Abel, with the weak and morally destitute spirit of slavery, humbled himself and submitted his will to heaven's direction! Well, I was always the more intelligent brother. Abel wasted his life as a keeper of smelly, nasty, stupid sheep. Every day, all day, he stood in the hot sun watching those dirty beasts feed, unnaturally kept rightful predators away from the weak of the flock, and carefully and foolishly tended the wounds of animals that should have died for their stupidity. And what was all this labor for? It was for a little roast mutton to eat and some wool threads which he made—by a time-consuming, unnecessarily complicated process of his own invention—into itchy cloth to make into itchy, uncomfortable clothes.

I, on the other hand, invented agriculture. Agriculture is an ex-

tremely complicated process. I usually began it by dragging a dead stick several times across an open field. I then threw some rotten fruit, buds of certain plants, or flowers into the tracks made by the stick. Then I rested under a shade tree a few weeks until little plants began to grow in the field. After these plants—usually wheat, oats, or barley—were matured, I uprooted them, and if I rationed them properly they served as my food until the next crop. A good raw wheat stalk just uprooted is better than roast mutton any day. Abel was never smart enough to realize that.

As time went by, I realized that Abel's servile influence might seduce the next generation into obedience to heaven and undo the whole revolution. I worried over this detrimental influence until one day, as I burned my poorer wheat stalks as a sacrifice—a cover I used to make heaven think I was submissive until I could begin the revolution afresh—the wind continually blew the smoke from the altar into my eyes. No matter where I moved, the wind shifted to blow the foul vapors in my face. Heaven suspected me and rejected my sacrifice. But how did they find out I was a revolutionary? I looked at Abel's altar. The smoke from his best burnt lamb went straight up. Once, I remembered, I had revealed to him the truth about the revolution and he had rejected it and urged me to "give it up. It will only bring waste and destruction." He had obviously betrayed me. I decided to eliminate him. One day as he was kneeling in the field examining a wounded sheep I tiptoed up behind him—for I had decided that, since the continuation of revolution depended on me, it was my duty not to give him a

chance to murder me—and beat him severely with an oak club until he was dead.

Of course, I received an indignant reprimand from heaven, a tattoo. I deduced from heaven's ravings that I could expect nothing from my parents, who were so dominated by their oppressors, but irrational outrage. So I immediately left for Nod.

Nod is a lovely place, although it could use a few more oases and a little less sand. I met my wife there and now I have a family. The world is ours, since the only other possible source of generations besides myself is gone. (Adam and Eve are far too old to have any more children.) And I am content, for my children, their children and their children's children are splendidly carrying on the revolution. They even rebel against me, which is natural, since I am one generation closer to slavery than they are. My son Enoch did a wonderful job destroying the city I named after him. Irad, one of my other sons, even raped his mother. Of course he rapes everything. And then there's Tubal-Cain who created all those knives and swords with which he eliminates the weaker, less revolutionary members of the family. I am quite proud of the really active revolutionaries—Enoch, Tubel-Cain, Lamech, Irad—who have dedicated their whole lives to the destruction of weak men who wish to slide into submission to heaven. Soon the revolution will be accomplished, and man shall fulfill his destiny.



OPEN CLOSET

The masks we wear
skintight
show all
our emotions.

—Mark Beffart

ESSENTIALS OF MODERN PHYSICS*

Our surmise
is that if we look
long enough
and with sufficient stupidity
of focus
into a really empty vessel
we will remember everything.
Except an empty vessel.

—Al Neumann

*Virgilio Acosta, et al, *Essentials of Modern Physics*
(New York: Harper & Row, 1973), pp. 4–6.

INSPIRATION (Or Easy Come, Easy Go)

Sittin' thar tryin to make m'self immortal
I spied m'self a thought and had quite a chortle.

I studied on 'im some as e swam around my head.
When I poked im, e wiggled some, then played dead.

I knowed e was still thar—didn't fool me none.
So's reckons I, "I'll wait ye out so's we kin have some fun."

Well, e didn't move a mem'ry, not a wit would e expose.
E laid so still and quietlike that soon I took a doze.

E still laid low, makin sure that I wuz out.
E warn't about to show hisself wid my smarts about.

But that sweet angel shore had dumpt the stardust in my eyes,
And e shore must a knowed it, cause e soon begun to rise.

Now that I wuz helpless, e had all the fun.
E danced and e swirled about and shined like the sun.

And rumbled deep like thunder, then giggled like wid fear.
Then whispered sort a lowly like, just so's I could hear.

He held the answers of the world danglin' at my reach.
He rose and fell with wonder like the waters on the beach.

"I'll remember ye," I says, "when I go to wake."
E jes smiles all smarty like, an hisses like a snake.

Well soon he seen the light commence to com in wid the dawn,
And shouts "WAKE UP," and I did, an dammed ef e warn't gone!

—Pam Spencer

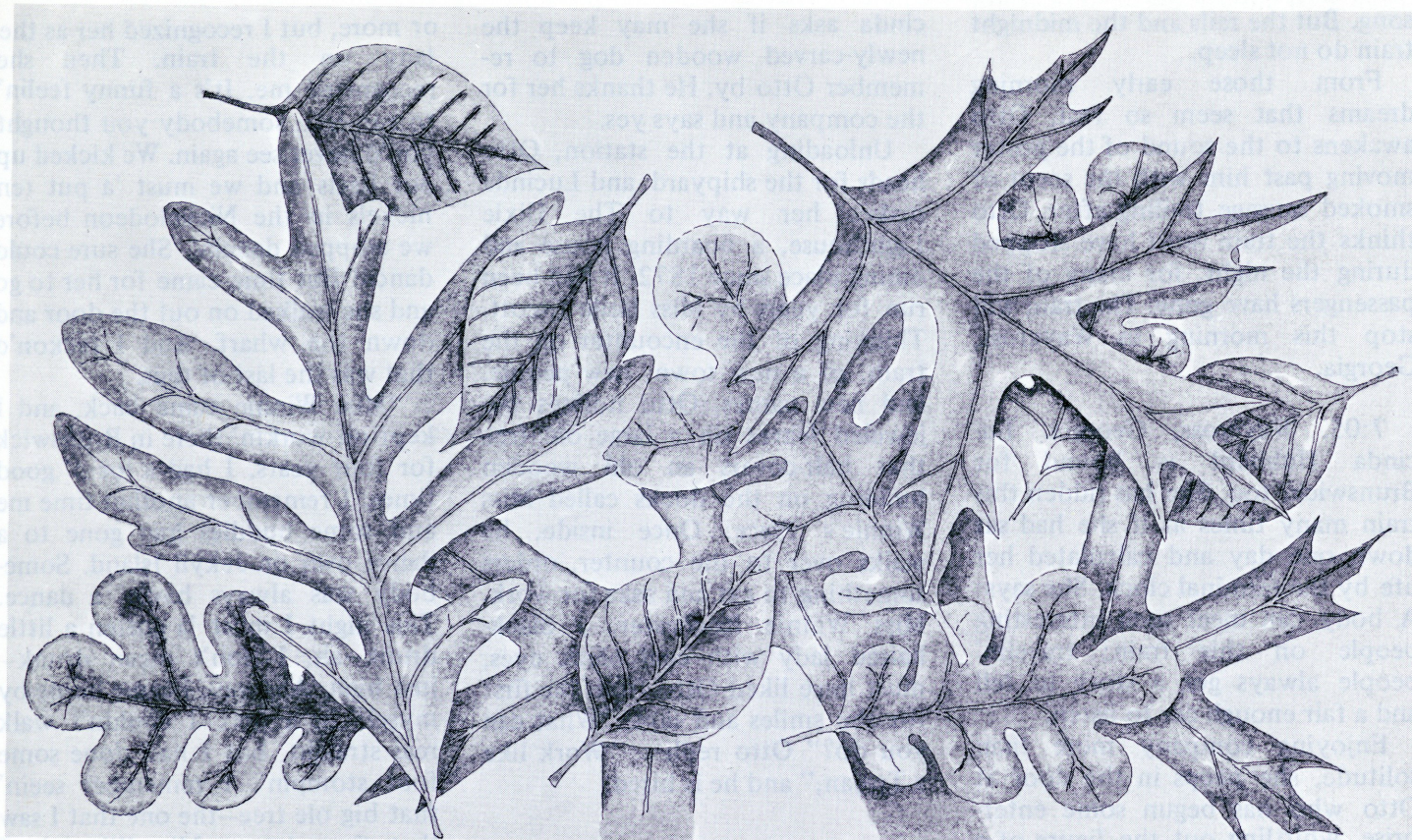


Illustration by David Birdsong

LEAVES

BY CAROL DANNER

That's all there is,
And the leaves that are green turn to brown.
—Paul Simon

September, 1908.

Summer's green is transforming. Autumn colors everything with reds and golds and deep purples. There is a restlessness in the wind and a chattering among the trees—some talk of winter. Some chatter a foreign tongue. Something has left its seed in the night when young men are sleeping. It must be a kind of fever that happens in the soul that sets men to thinking of leaving. Some young men will leave in the night when the world is asleep. Others leave at dawn and take the

sun. Some will go in the heat of the day. Some men leave their families. Some leave parents. Some young men leave tradition like a coat on the back of a chair. Some men leave nothing behind. Otto Danner is leaving.

Otto is boarding the southbound train for Brunswick, Georgia. He has heard that a life on the docks of a shipping yard pays good. A young man's heart is not easily turned around. He has never been to Brunswick, Georgia. The distance from the Talladega depot to the Brunswick terminal is about four

hundred miles. It is a long ride, so Otto settles down in his booth; since he does not like to read, he stares out past trees and barns to where cattle graze. There are shanties and large old antebellum homes. More than anything Otto keeps count of all the white, wooden, country churches just off the main roads with their welcome signs and their old cemeteries enclosed by wrought-iron gates.

Midnight—the pounding of the sleepless rails has lulled Otto to sleep like a puppy with a ticking clock or a newborn infant with a

song. But the rails and the midnight train do not sleep.

From those early morning dreams that seem so real, Otto awakens to the sound of the porter moving past him with the scent of smoked sausage trailing after. Otto thinks the train must have stopped during the night, for many of the passengers have gone. The train will stop this morning in Waycross, Georgia.

7:05. Waycross, Georgia. Lucinda Hubbard is bound for Brunswick, too. She has ridden this train many times as if she had sat down one day and calculated her life by the terminal clock. She says: A body can meet such interesting people on this train; travelin' people always got a story to tell and a fair enough ear to listen.

Enjoying company more than solitude, she peeps in the door at Otto who has begun some enterprise, whittling out the figure of a little wooden dog, catching all the shavings in his hat. Smiling and explaining how she would enjoy the company to Brunswick, Lucinda sits down across from Otto and straightens the few magazines on her lap. Explaining further that she has learned of a good-paying waitress job in Brunswick, with some talk of her life in Waycross, some comments on the little carved dog, she and Otto pass the time away.

She learns that he has also heard of work at the shipyards, that he is from Erin, Alabama, that he will not comment on just exactly what he has left behind, except to say that he has left his friend Doc Boyd and Doc's two Irish setters, Sigh and Sport, both of which are fully capable of riding the train from the small depot at Erin to the Talladega terminal and then finding their way to the Purefoy Hotel where they are fed scrambled eggs at a table in the kitchen. Lucinda is entertained and has met another memorable acquaintance on her train. The rumbling of the steel rails ceases as they approach the stop, and Lu-

cinda asks if she may keep the newly-carved wooden dog to remember Otto by. He thanks her for the company and says yes.

Unloading at the station, Otto heads for the shipyard, and Lucinda makes her way to The Dixie Lighthouse, a boarding house and dining place since 1872. It had been run for years by Miss Belle Escott. Thinking of the encounter on the train, of a new town, new people, and new names, Otto notices the jeweled leaves on a large old tree that half-covers an old wooden building on the docks called Miss Winnie's Place. Once inside, he walks over to the counter, orders something to eat and asks for work. Miss Winnie Rochester, a black-haired lady with coal black eyes, must have liked Otto from the first for she smiles and says, "What can you do?" Otto replies, "Work like a Trojan," and he is hired.

2

September Recollections.

"Miss Winnie was a fine lady. She trusted me. She came in one day and gave me a roll of bills and told me to just keep it 'til she asked for it; said she didn't know how much was there. So I took it. I aimed to count it—came to nearly seven hundred dollars. And I never took a penny—ah, she wouldn't have cared. But I had no need. Miss Winnie was good to me. She was gone for two weeks one time and left me to run the place and the rooms out back. One day this woman came in, asked for a beer, and put some money in the Rock-ola. It was mid-afternoon and me and this fella had been talkin' dock talk when she came in. Not much business and so me and him had set down at a table. The music started up and dern if she didn't walk over to me and ask me to dance. Now, I ain't braggin', but back in them days, you see, I could dance. I grinned at that fella and looked up at her. It had been a year

or more, but I recognized her as the lady on the train. Then she recognized me. It's a funny feelin' to run into somebody you thought you'd never see again. We kicked up our heels and we must 'a put ten nickels in the Nickelodeon before we stopped dancin'. She sure could dance! But time came for her to go and she walked on out the door and down the wharf. And I reckon'd that was the last of that.

"Miss Winnie came back, and I kept on workin' there in Brunswick for four years. I had a lot o' good times. I remember another time me and some buddies had gone to a dance over on Jekyll Island. Somebody was always havin' a dance. This night I must 'a gotten a little drunk—ah, I don't mean drunk—just high. Anyway, I came home by myself in a taxi. I couldn't walk real straight, but I had done some foot stompin'. I remember seein' that big ole tree—the one that I saw that first day at Miss Winnie's. I could barely see the moon through the branches. Miss Winnie was good to me. She sat me down at the kitchen table, and I can still see her comin' through the door with some chicken soup.

"I must 'a left Brunswick in March of 1912, comin' home."

3

September, 1974.

Otto Danner did return to Erin, married Ruby McWilliams, had four sons, one daughter, and has never returned to Brunswick, Georgia. Two sons have died, as has his wife Ruby who had been crippled and in a wheelchair for twenty-one years. Life has changed many times for Otto.

Otto is now eighty-two years old and lives alone with his dog Lucy. Many of his old friends are gone, too. Sometimes he sits and thinks... He says, "Livin' alone is hell."

Mr. Hobbs, himself approaching eighty, always calls Otto every night on the phone. At seven

o'clock the phone rings and Otto rambles to the chair pulled close for talking on the phone, sits down and says, "Heh-lo." A woman's voice asks, "Is this Otto Danner?" Otto cannot place the voice, but he almost recognizes it through the years.

"Now you won't remember me, I know, but I remember you. I haven't seen you in over sixty

years. I was passing through Lineville on a train and I remembered you said you lived near Lineville. So I looked in the phone directory and found your name and number. We rode to Brunswick, Georgia, together many years ago. My name then was Lucinda Hubbard."

She stopped, and he thought, and he knew the voice. She went on to tell of her life, her marriage, her

children, her travels, and he did the same. She said she would come for a visit the next day.

Otto walked back into the living room, looked down at Lucy and said with a smile, "It's a funny feelin' to run into someone you thought you'd never see again."



Photography by Connie Formby

AT DAYS END

At day's end

Hands thrust deep inside my pockets
Hungriily seeking
Any face to fill my need.
Please—Come feed me.

At day's end

Alone in a crowded emptiness.
A sea of faces, a roar of voices
Saturating the space
But not the void.
Please—Come fill me.

At day's end

Sitting near the window
Watching all the nameless smiles
Pass by my door
But not for me.
Please—Come free me.

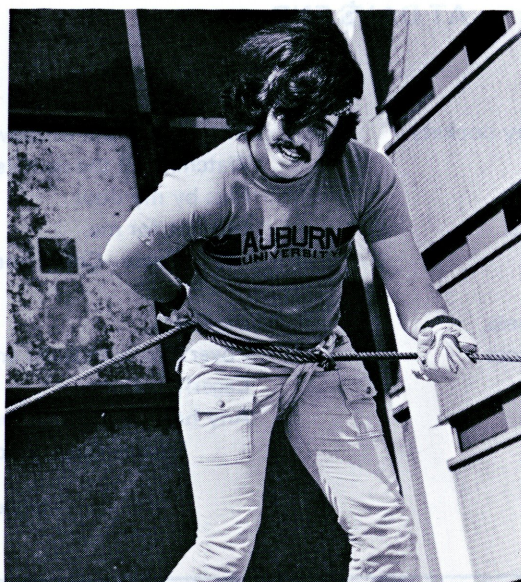
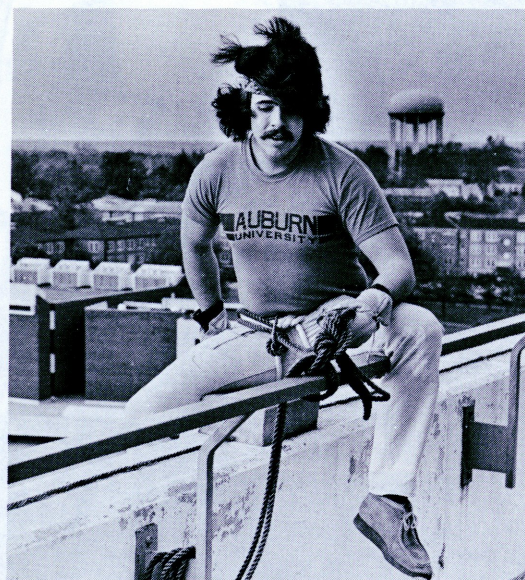
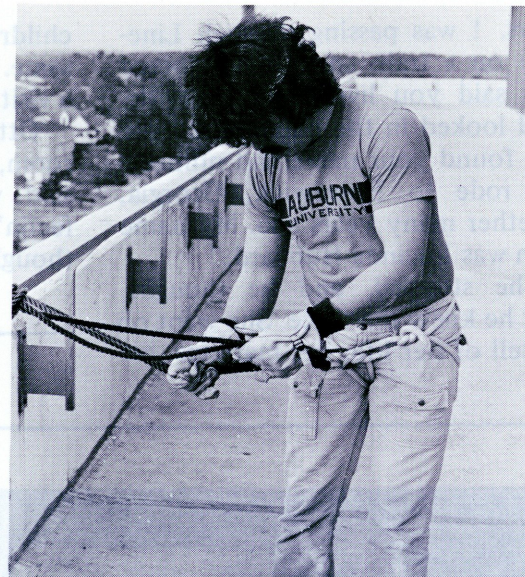
At day's end

I overflow with want and words
Eagerly seeking
Any heart to hear my voice.
Please—Come find me.

—Leslie Cost

take a jump off the wild side

Photography by Gordon Bugg



the art of rappel

BY RANDY WHITE

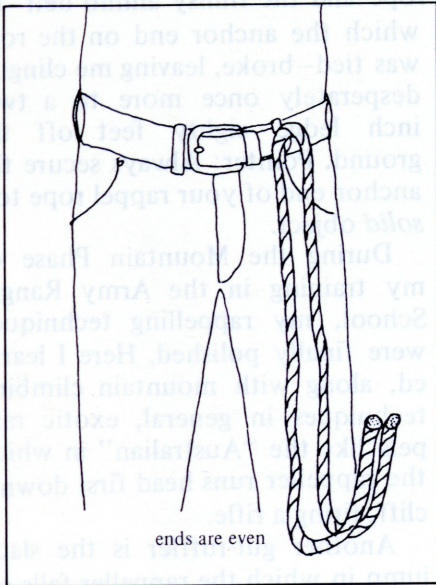
Rappelling, the art of descending a cliff by means of a rope passed through a braking device (or around the rappeller's body), has brought me many cheap thrills. The first time I rappelled at age thirteen was a classic example of how not to do it.

I was one of a group of boys who spent almost every weekend running around in the woods playing commando, hiking, shooting pellet rifles, camping in freezing weather with no sleeping bags, imbibing certain amounts of alcohol to counteract the freezing weather, and engaging in a host of other unsavory exploits.

I got my introduction to rappelling one gray Sunday afternoon. Cozelos, one of the leaders of my motley crew, announced that the commandoes would learn immediately a new skill called rappelling (not that we weren't already obnoxious enough).

The bunch of us piled into cars and headed for the infamous "Three Caves" of Huntsville, Alabama. I had hiked around this large limestone rock quarry before. During the Red Scare and Cold War days, this large cave-quarry complex was designated by the Civil Defense as a fallout shelter. It could house the entire population of

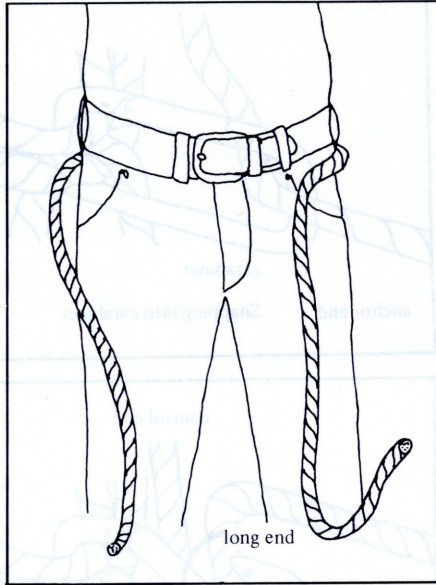
SWISS SEAT



Huntsville in those days, over 150,000 people.

Arriving at the cave, Cozelos extracted his ropes from the trunk of his car, slung them over his shoulder, and proceeded to lead us sheep to the rim of the quarry. The rim height varies from zero to ninety feet. As we hiked up, I kept wondering, "How much farther?" Wasn't fifty feet enough? But my pride kept going. We stopped at ninety feet.

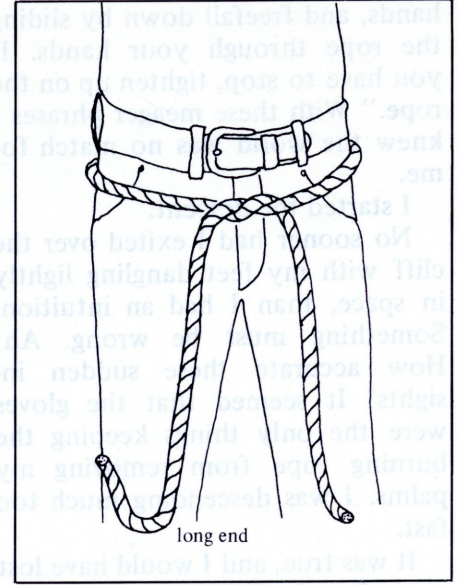
I was rationalizing the stupidity of this to myself. "Think of the novelty," I said, "of being the first person to die at the end of a rope in Huntsville in almost a hundred years."



Cozelos began to uncoil his scraggly manila rope as we stared. He tied one end of it to the base of a weak-looking tree and threw the loose end with all its coils into the abyss. Then came the announcement, "I'll now demonstrate to you how this is done." In Army fashion, Cozelos passed on his instructions to our skeptical group.

He produced a pair of rough gloves and slipped them on his hands. Then he proceeded to violate, I later was to learn, every rule of safe rappelling.

He grabbed the rope first with one hand, then the other and with a mighty scream akin to "Geronimo!" disappeared over the edge.

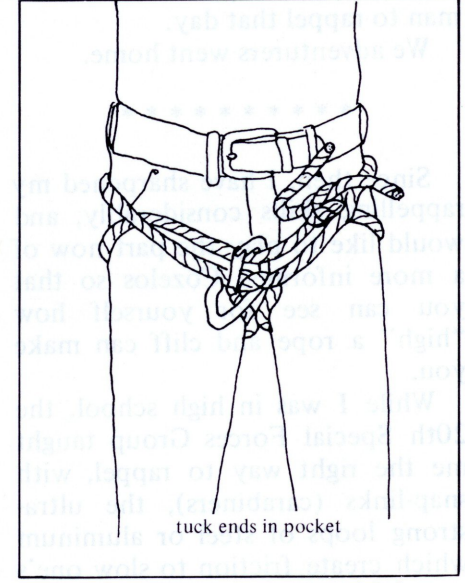
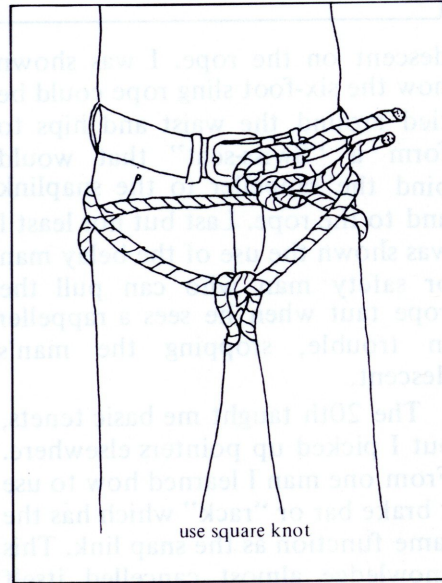
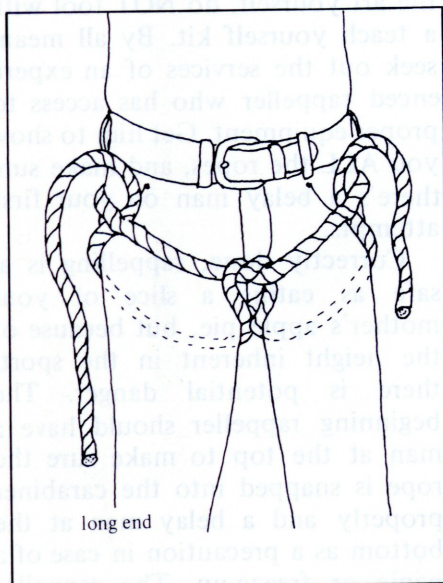


Those left at the top of the cliff cautiously crawled to the edge and peeked over. Cozelos was about halfway down and still alive. At one point, he bounced over an overhang and disappeared again from sight until we saw him striding confidently back up the rim trail toward us.

With a broad smile he boasted encouragingly, "See! There's nothing to it."

I blame what I did next on being a gullible thirteen and eager to prove otherwise.

I dumbly raised my hand when Cozelos called for a volunteer. Handing me his worn gloves, he said patronizingly, "Randy, son, all you



Illustrations by David Johnston

have to do is put the rope between your legs, grab it here with both hands, and freefall down by sliding the rope through your hands. If you have to stop, tighten up on the rope." With these meager phrases I knew the world was no match for me.

I started the descent.

No sooner had I exited over the cliff with my feet dangling lightly in space, than I had an intuition. Something must be wrong. Ah! How accurate these sudden insights! It seemed that the gloves were the only things keeping the burning rope from removing my palms. I was descending much too fast.

It was true, and I would have lost control and died right there had Providence not provided that pure sweet ledge that stopped me. It was at this point that I realized the value of life and the sweetness of revenge as I pictured Cozelos atop the cliff laughing.

From the ledge to the ground, I proceeded as a rope climber would descend, in a hand-over-hand fashion. Reaching the bottom was relatively painless in this way.

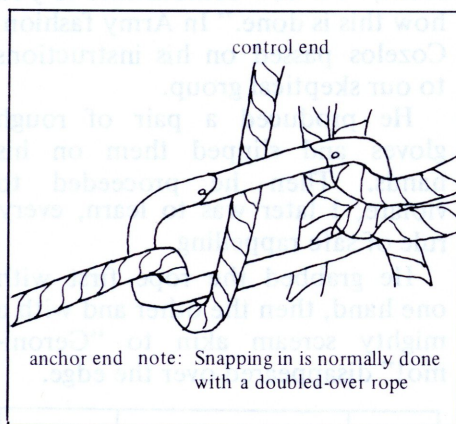
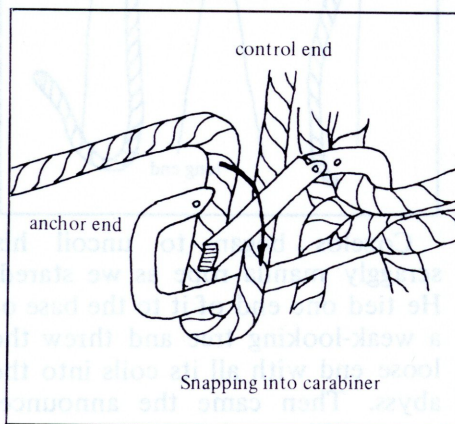
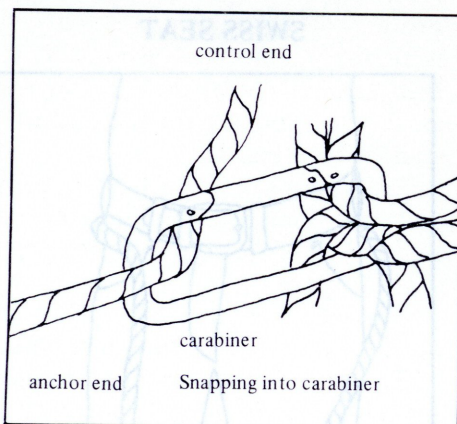
I lost no time in confronting Cozelos. Had the thrill of the venture been less, Cozelos might have perished at a tender age, but I was exhilarated as well as angry, and the fun of rappelling was instilled in me from then onward.

Needless to say, I was the last man to rappel that day.

We adventurers went home.

Since then, I have sharpened my rappelling skills considerably, and would like to play the part now of a more informed Cozelos so that you can see for yourself how "high" a rope and cliff can make you.

While I was in high school, the 20th Special Forces Group taught me the right way to rappel, with snap-links (carabiners), the ultra-strong loops of steel or aluminum which create friction to slow one's



descent on the rope. I was shown how the six-foot sling rope could be tied around the waist and hips to form a "Swiss-seat" that would bind the rappeller to the snaplink and to the rope. Last but not least I was shown the use of the belay man or safety man who can pull the rope taut when he sees a rappeller in trouble, stopping the man's descent.

The 20th taught me basic tenets, but I picked up pointers elsewhere. From one man I learned how to use a brake bar or "rack" which has the same function as the snap link. This knowledge almost cancelled itself

when I was rappelling down his rope and the flimsy ammo belt—to which the anchor end on the rope was tied—broke, leaving me clinging desperately once more to a two-inch ledge eighty feet off the ground. Pointer: Always secure the anchor end of your rappel rope to a solid object.

During the Mountain Phase of my training in the Army Ranger School, my rappelling techniques were finally polished. Here I learned, along with mountain climbing techniques in general, exotic rappels like the "Australian" in which the rappeller runs head first down a cliff, firing a rifle.

Another gut-ruffler is the slack jump in which the rappeller falls on the end of a rope without getting killed. This is a very effective heart-stopper. Pull up seventy-five feet of rope through the snap-link and jump off a one hundred foot cliff, free falling for seventy-five feet, then slowing yourself for the last part of the fall by tightening the rope.

The rappel from a hovering helicopter is also good for a few kicks.

One other rappel concentrated on in Ranger School is the body rappel. In this, only a rope is used, no snap-links, etc. The friction of the rope as it is specially wrapped around the body will slow the fall.

Now, my sanest advice: To learn the art yourself, do NOT fool with a teach yourself kit. By all means seek out the services of an experienced rappeller who has access to proper equipment. Get him to show you ALL the ropes, and make sure there's a belay man on your first attempts.

Correctly done, rappelling is as safe as eating a slice of your mother's apple pie, but because of the height inherent in the sport, there is potential danger. The beginning rappeller should have a man at the top to make sure the rope is snapped into the carabiner properly and a belay man at the bottom as a precaution in case of a panic or freeze-up. The rappeller

should *always* wear heavy leather gloves to prevent hand burn.

If you really like rappelling, get your own equipment. Nylon rope, such as Bluewater,[®] is far superior to the old manila rope. An ideal rope length is between 120-150 feet. If you need a longer one, it is better to get an additional rope than to have a three-hundred-foot rope that is much less portable.

A good rope may cost \$100, but an acceptable substitute is an Army surplus rope which can be had for

about \$25. However, the surplus rope may wear out faster, and its high stretch factor makes you feel as though you are on the end of a giant rubber band.

Snaplinks sell for \$3-\$5 a copy and are steel or aluminum. A snaplink with a locking gate costs slightly more.

Brake-bars sell for \$15-\$25, but are really no better than snaplinks.

The rappel seat can be fashioned from six feet of rappel rope, or can be sewn out of seatbelt material.

The illustrations provided will show the novice the basics of rappelling, but I leave the reader with a final word of caution: Never rappel alone, and learn how to tie the basic knots, particularly the square knot and the half hitch. These knots are used to secure your rope to the cliff and making them correctly can mean all the difference.

Good luck and don't forget to yell, "On rappel!"



PERSEVERANCE

In search of food, a small dove landed in a clearing close to the Indian creek that winds among the back-Georgia mountains and mistook a set trap for protective covering in the constant struggle between man and beast for domination or freedom, depending on which end the individual is fighting from. Being wise for her youthful years, the small bird chose not to struggle wildly as her distant cousin the fowl would do, but instead waited and bided her time accordingly withstanding all the pain, puzzlement, and humiliation with patience and backbone pride. With this goal set before her, she began to strengthen herself by eating berries and worms that she could reach in the nearby foliage or an occasional seed dropped by a spooked crow above. Then slowly she began each day to push the door aside and spring her prison. At first she was too weak, but she gained more strength each day as she depended more and more on her Maker as creatures do in complete and full faithfulness. At last she was free—not only in flight, but also in her new knowledge of man and his ways. No more traps would engulf her or her young or their young in the generations to come.

Cindy Lacy

THE PARTY

The brightly moving shine of words
tossed freely over shoulders
and behind hands
Sticks soundlessly within the rubbery friction
of repeated phrases—broken thoughts.

—Susan Bassett

SO CLOSE, YET . . .

A thousand lonely days I've searched for you.
I know your face, your voice, I know your eyes,
And being one perhaps caught by a dream,
I know your mind and that you need me too.
In smoke-filled rooms I whisper them my lies
And for a brief time wade into their stream.
How long can I continue wandering
In shadows with a mask upon my face—
Afraid that if I dare to strip away
This costume worn for self-security,
The world would somehow change this precious thing
And force my love to join the foolish race.
Along the crowded street we pass each day.
I dare invest a smile; you nod to me.

—Danny Adams

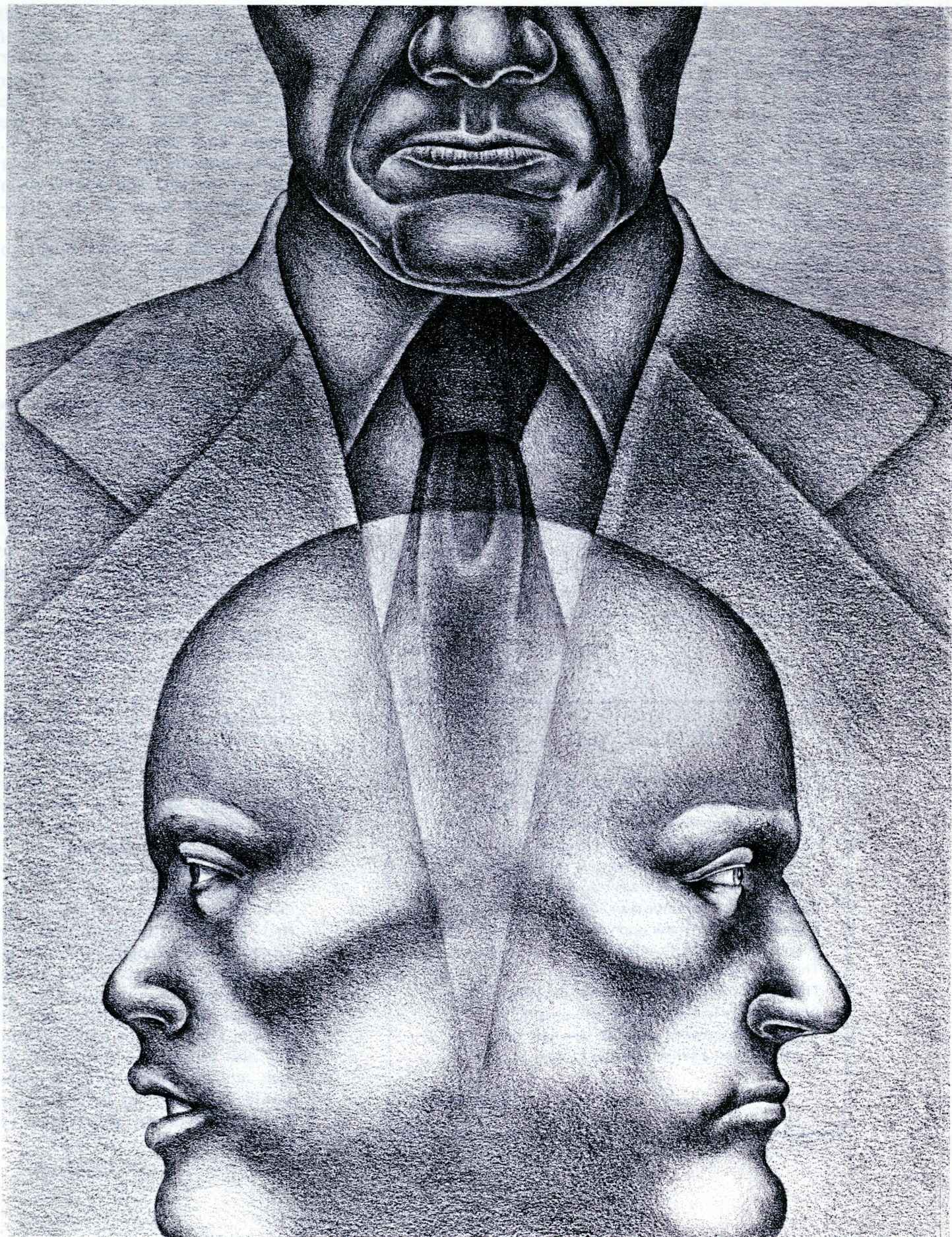


Illustration by David Birdsong

THE FALL

FICTION BY JOHNNY WILLIAMS

Reed, scheming, relaxed the hold on his prey as Nyla came in with dinner. He swivelled away from his position at the oblong shining window as a brilliant orange sunset shimmered across the tranquil water of the bay and glowed along the edges of the buildings beneath him. Unhurriedly, he attended to the tray as Nyla adjusted the music.

"Your nephew is here, sir," Nyla said.

Reed nodded and opened the wine. Nyla disappeared and Proxton entered quietly.

"Nearly a million riding on this one," Reed said as he sliced into his steak. "Earthquake's a terrible thing, no way around it, but jeez at the *bucks* in it." Proxton took a seat and watched his uncle chew. "Time was," Reed went on, "when you'd no more think of bringing home a bundle on something like this than getting rich by investing in a priest." Reed cut a new piece of meat and teased his own mouth a moment before taking it. "But now, things are different. People realize the value of good image. If you're smart, you'll remember that. It's the image that counts, boy." Reed speared a mushroom cap and popped it into his mouth, savoring the flavor a moment. "What's the matter boy, you ain't eating."

Proxton leaned forward toward his food and took a sip of wine. "I didn't expect dinner," he said.

"That's part of the deal—you're working overtime." Reed turned to a mound of lobster on a silver plate. He dipped a chunk into the sauce and inspected it thoughtfully. "Your mother called me this morning," he said.

Proxton, folding his napkin on his lap, looked across at his uncle. "Oh really?" he said. "Where is she? I can hardly keep up with her schedule." Proxton regarded his

uncle. "I see very little of her, you know."

Reed chuckled nervously. "Your mother's a busy woman," he said, still eyeing the meat. "A very active woman."

"Indeed," Proxton said.

Annoyed, Reed dipped the meat into the sauce again and swirled the morsel slowly. "Well. Anyway, she had some good news. A half million dollar package deal with TWA for their new Caracas route. Eighteen stewardesses and stewards, some ticket people, and a full PR job from top to toe—the works. What ya say about that?" Reed's mouth enveloped the lobster.

"Impressive," Proxton observed. "This with the earthquake seems to indicate that things are going your way."

Reed swallowed and licked away the sauce from his lips. He grinned triumphantly and gave his desktop an emphatic pound with his fist. "You better believe things are going my way! Things always go my way! I'm a winner all the way, by God, and if you're smart, you'll learn something from it."

"Things aren't going so well for the people in California."

Reed's features declined into a scowl. "Now don't throw those turkeys in my face, boy. I didn't cause it. I didn't want it. Don't you try to make me responsible for it! I'll be *damned* if I'll let you! I didn't get to be where I am by mooning over every little sob story that got in my way!"

Proxton pushed away his food and leaned back in his chair. With a sigh he turned his gaze to the window and the vestiges of golden light shining through the cables of a distant bridge. "Of course you're right, Uncle Reed. I'd hate to see the progress of this organization

held back for any reason. Its work is too vital."

"Damn right it is! And this, this is just a job we are doing for the Red Cross and that's as far as I think about it, and if you're smart, that's as far as you'll think about it. It's image work. Just plain image work. Do you know what I can do for the Red Cross with this? Magazines, television, feature films, billboards—you name it. With my people posing in these photographs, I'll raise their public image forty points! And by God *that's* something to be proud of!"

"Yes, it certainly is," Proxton said.

Reed grinned again. "And you're a part of it, boy—a big part. Part of a top-flight company that manufactures beautiful people. You're helping mankind, and that's what you want, ain't it?" Reed smiled for a moment. "I know you, boy, you want to help people, and that's good. And that's what you're doing right here." Reed paused. "That's why I don't understand your attitude sometimes. Admit it, you're not with us one hundred per cent. Don't forget you may own some of this one day." Reed chuckled. "I may not live forever, and they may not let me take it along." Reed cut again into his steak.

"My father, I suppose, would have wanted it this way?"

Reed slowed the motion of his jaw and looked across his desk again at Proxton. "Of course he would," he said carefully, watching the features of his nephew. "But let me tell you something, and if you're smart, you'll listen. Your father was a fine man, no doubt about it. When I look at you, I see him again. No, you didn't know him, but a part of him lives on in you. A big part. But if you're

smart, you'll learn to control that part and control it good. Your father was a good man, but, God rest his soul, he was a weathervane. He would turn this way and that, thinking about this, then wondering about that. The slightest little thing would throw him all off. He never did a thing in his life he didn't worry over like a woman in front of a mirror. He never got around to doing much solid in his whole life, short as it was. He could have—he was smart. He was a fine man and I thought the world of him, but God knows I'm telling the truth when I say he was a weathervane."

"He founded *this*, didn't he?" Proxton said, sweeping his arm around the ornate room.

"No, he didn't found *this*," Reed answered quickly. "I turned every inch of what you see into what it is with these two hands, and this," Reed said, indicating his head. "It wasn't him. He sowed the seeds of a failure, and sat wondering every minute what to do next. It was *Me!* I made this place!" Reed lurched up from his chair and came around the desk as Proxton watched him cautiously. "You want to know something, I'll tell you something. Your father was miserable his whole life. Miserable! He was a criminal in the eyes of nature every minute of his life. Look at the trees and the animals, the birds. Living their lives seeking comfort and pleasure."

"The wolves."

"Hell yeah, the wolves too! Clawing and scratching for everything they can get! It never comes easy! That's nature! And we're no different, and if you're smart you'll remember that. It takes claws and teeth in this world. A man gets what he takes! Whatever it is you want—you buy. You ain't gonna get nowhere moping around here sighing and fretting like some loser. Remember that—let this be a warning. I want to see a change in you. A big change." Reed broke off and a smile came over his face. "It's for you. For your own good, son. I don't want to have to feel like an

ogre—like it's my fault. I don't want that—I want what's best for you. I like things smooth as much as anybody." Reed dropped his arms to his sides and sighed again. Still smiling, he stepped over to a gold-framed plaque on the wall. It read: "That's lawful which doth please." "There was a time," Reed said, "everybody lived by that law. It was a paradise on earth. It's the law I've lived by the forty-eight years I've been on this earth. Where do you think laws come from, boy? Balls of fire from the sky?" Reed smiled. "No. Just like everything else, they're made. By men like me and you. We burn our own laws into tablets, and don't you forget that. Well, this is the one I've made for myself. It's bought and paid for. If you're smart, it's the law you'll make for yourself too. Show me a flaw in it. Show me one single law that's better." Reed shook his head. "You can't. It's the law of nature. Now why don't you start thinking straight and get things squared away? Look what's here for you. Come on. Fit in. We're all pulling for you, boy." Reed grinned magnanimously.

Proxton nodded, and after a moment, left. Reed sat down once again to his dinner. I know what's wrong with that boy, he thought to himself. I know exactly what it is. Same thing was wrong with his father. Jeez, he's just like him! Well, I helped his father. . . Reed hesitated. For one instant his eyes, like coals, strained to turn their burning gaze backward. But he clawed them back. He shook his head firmly. That was a long time ago—a long time ago. A gleam gathered in his eyes and he reached for the phone.

Already hopelessly late to class, Margaret paused at the door of the Emotion Room. Through the window she could see Cecily huddled in a far corner with a stuffed bear. Margaret turned with distaste, but then stopped. What *is* it that makes

me do it, she wondered, and entered the room.

"Go away!" Cecily called from her corner. Her bottom lip curved poutingly, and her pigtailed bounced with the motion of her head. "Don't bother me!"

"Oh, poor little girl," Margaret said soothingly as she crossed the room. "Did something upset it? Poor baby."

"Go away," Cecily said more softly, turning toward the wall, clutching her bear more tightly. "I don't want to talk to you."

"Tell Aunt Margaret," Margaret said, kneeling beside the sulking young woman, gently taking her slender, tanned shoulders in her arms. "Tell me what happened."

Drawing herself up even more tightly, Cecily burst into tears. After a moment, as Margaret waited patiently, soothing, Cecily's crying ebbed into gentler sobs that quietly shook her delicate frame. "Oh, it was terrible! Just awful!"

"What, precious?"

"A man. Outside." Again, Cecily burst into tears. "He was so ugly!"

"Outside?" Margaret asked. "What were you doing outside?"

"I snuck out!" Cecily snapped. "Is that so bad? I just wanted to look."

"You know better than to venture outside," Margaret said. "So you saw an ugly man. Poor baby!"

"Oh, he was awful! Awful! He was stooped over—all shriveled up, and *old*, and bald, and he smiled at me like. . ."

"Like what?" Margaret probed.

"Oh nothing! Oh! He was horrible!" Cecily collapsed uncontrollably into tears.

Margaret stood up and looked down at the girl. "You little bitch," she spat at her, and then reached down and gave her a hard pinch on her rear.

Cecily spun and her face reddened with hatred and injury. "Why'd you do *that*?" she screamed.

"Because I wanted to," Margaret answered. "I felt like that's what I

really wanted to do." With that, she left the shuddering girl in her corner, and went on to class.

"Well, well," Miss Sims said as Margaret slipped in the back entrance to the classroom. "I see Margaret has decided to join us after all." Miss Sims glared disdainfully as Margaret took a seat. "I suppose she feels like she doesn't need this lecture like all the other girls."

"Sorry I'm late."

"Again."

"Again."

"Well how nice," Miss Sims said. "Now, if it's perfectly all right with Margaret, we shall continue. We were discussing how to be your own best friend. I cannot stress enough, girls, the importance of this. If you're not your own best friend, then who will be? If you're not secure with who you are, then who will be? Our world is a great big wonderful place—a fabulous, colorful place just teeming with all the things you would ever need to make all your dreams come true. But you must be in harmony with it all, and that means being in harmony with—you. Every little emotion, every little feeling is important—not one is too small to matter. So don't lock them inside! Let them out! Set them free! They've been in chains too long! Indulge them! Look them face to face and get to know them! Talk to them like friends—reach out for them! It feels so good! So do it! Cleanse your mind of all those hidden thoughts—those doubts and questions. Celebrate yourself, don't blame yourself. But don't forget: you only look as good as you feel. So feel! All over! Close your eyes during those spare little moments during the day and *feel* your whole body. Feel your toes. Feel your arms, your hair, feel the air all around you. Just feel! Why? Because you're worth it, that's why! Do those little extras for yourself. Go all the way. Strive to get the most out of life! Heighten your feelings until you soar above the clouds. And always remember,"

Miss Sims concluded, casting a loving look around the classroom, "be good to yourself—there's only one you."

As the glowing, beaming young girls filed out of the room, Miss Sims stopped Margaret at the door. "Margaret," she said, "I'm going to overlook your tardiness this time, even though I really shouldn't. Your performance in all areas has been poor. Why haven't you been spending time in the Emotion Room, may I ask?"

Margaret shrugged. "I guess I haven't been feeling very emotional lately."

"Pshaw! Don't give me that! You're a woman—you're *made* of emotions."

Margaret shrugged again.

Miss Sims looked at the girl before her with urchin-like contempt. "Well, that's another matter. Right now," she said as a malign smile crept over her face, "I've got a little mission for you. And if you want to stay here, you'd better perform it, too."

Proctor made his way through the curious couples congregated around the entranceway to the ballroom. He exchanged polite greetings with a few of the young men, and went on into the hall. The party was already in flaming progress. Proctor beheld the massive, throbbing room with amazement. The young people were resplendent in the flickering light. The room was alive and radiating with color and beauty as though a parliament of the most opulent things on earth had been convened on the spot. Overhead, a brilliant globe of multi-colored, illuminated jewels revolved slowly, sprinkling across the beaming faces below a kaleidoscopic shower of crystalline, myriad explosions. Music, steady and beckoning from an unseen source, filled the room and pulsed through the foundations of the hall beneath a thousand feet. A powerful inebriating fragrance drifted haze-like from golden urns and floated in serpentine trails along the

beams of glowing lamps. The entire arena vibrated in composite realization of the fantasies of its denizens. Proctor stood immobile in the midst of it as warm, fresh, sweet-smelling bodies brushed against his sides, leaving gentle rushes of silk and blazing flashes of gold to resound throughout the dazzled spheres of his senses. A young man he knew, Carlos, suddenly appeared beside him with a tall golden cup. "Nectar for Proctor!" he cried, and floated away.

The liquor, cool, pulpy, flowed down Proctor's throat and warmed his insides. He finished the drink and found another. The blood was hot in his head and he stared fixedly, along the edges of the room where naked bodies, like sea fans, floated and writhed under the orange glow. Time had stopped. It was the Golden Age. Proctor stood silently, motionless at the edges of a virgin dimension. The sounds of the room took on a quality of distantness and the smell of incense surged and abated in his mind. Suddenly, remembering no more than isolated visions of his progress, Proctor found himself outside. The soft light from behind him filtered through stately columns and melted into liquid gold the forward edges of the objects around him, aban-

And when music
Comes over the radio
I know what it is
To unravel a few more
Ragged memories.
Windy, warm
Before an Indian summerstorm
Reminds me
How seldom
I can sit,
Untroubled,
Alone,
Satisfied,
And dream of all
The opportunities
I have yet
To encounter.

—Linda McKnight

doning to shadows the rest. Proxton gazed above and beyond the little area into the sea of darkness. The moonless midsummer night was warm and clear and the sky was filled with stars. Proxton closed his eyes and felt a breeze rush across his face and through his hair. The soporific clouds behind him faded, forgotten. For a moment he entered the first realm of unconsciousness where time and life, cut off from the senses that sustain them, are no more real than an infant's plans. When at last he opened his eyes, a vision stood before him.

Proxton's heart throbbed madly inside him. Rushes of flames raced through his bones and along his skin. His hair bristled along the back of his neck and he felt his nostrils drawing in streams of hot air. The vision held his gaze with a faint smile void of suggestion beyond the mere fact of the circumstances. Golden hair, like flames, blazoned in swirls around the face of a goddess. Proxton stood spellbound as fantasy faded into unimagined beauty. The vision came towards him. Proxton stared at the sleek gown that curved along the lines of a golden calf and thigh, and angled, just concealing, to a smooth, sloping shoulder. "Proxton?" the vision spoke, drawing near. "I've been wanting to meet you all night." The swirling darkness, enveloping the moment, had eyes.

The rays of late morning sunshine streamed at angles through the motionless drapes as the air conditioner hummed quietly from the wall. All through the reeling night Proxton had seen in his mind the features of her face tumble through a metamorphosing parade, never ceasing, but at the erratic, fleeting bursts of his perfect recall. Dreamed, she would not have been more elusive; she had no foundation in his mind. Even now, as he watched the movement of her breathing, he felt the strangeness that loomed between them. Proxton lay back against his pillow, contem-

plating in his mind her solid face, and he realized that somehow, in only a few hours, she had changed. He felt dull, a stumbler in the night, like one uncertain if a midnight dance of fairies had been a dream.

"Proxton, are you awake?"

"Margaret?"

"Yes."

"Margaret. I wasn't sure if I remembered."

Margaret smiled, and they turned to face each other.

"Thanks for putting me up," Margaret said.

The Landscape of Winter

these days
i dream of hearts
falling
like cold stones
into an icy pond.
on the bank
among
the trees
and their shawls of ice
our faces
are
floating a
w
a
y.

—A. J. Wright

"Putting you up? It was my pleasure," Proxton said with a laugh.

Margaret laughed softly. "I hate my room," she said. "I love to get away from it."

Proxton scrutinized her face. She was amazingly familiar. But she was different. He could not discover in her subtly puzzled features the key to the change. He reached over and touched her cheek, as if testing.

"I enjoyed it too," Margaret said. "I don't get many nights like that."

"Thanks," Proxton said.

"But where are we? I don't even remember coming here. This isn't the dorm, is it?"

"No."

Margaret smiled in puzzlement, and almost spoke.

"I'm on the staff I guess you'd say," Proxton said. "I haven't been here long." He paused. "How did you know my name?"

"A friend told me."

Proxton nodded and lay back reflectively. "You don't like it here?" he said at length.

Margaret hesitated to answer.

Proxton looked over at her. "I won't tell anybody," he said.

Margaret laughed nervously. "You have to be careful," she said. "They've already threatened to throw me out." She was still nervous, but she looked at Proxton and, pregnant with divulgence, trusted the sincerity in his face. "I hate it here," she said.

"Why? I thought you girls knew you had it made."

Margaret laughed again. "I guess most of them do."

"And you don't?"

Margaret rolled over onto her back and crossed her hands on her stomach with a sigh. "You know what they do when you turn thirty?"

"No."

"Neither do I," Margaret said. "But I wish I did. Sometimes I think they take you out and dump you into a big pit, and somebody else moves into your room."

Proxton laughed at the gruesome thought. "Maybe they do," he said. "But don't you know you're not going to get old?"

Margaret laughed. "I get the feeling you don't like this place too much either," she said.

"I don't. I just sort of inherited it I guess."

"You make a lot of money."

"Yes."

"Is that why you're here?"

Proxton was silent a moment. "No," he said. "It's not the money."

"Then why don't you leave?"

"I'm going to. As soon as I figure out where to go."

Margaret stared into the covers pensively. "I wish I could leave," she said. "Isn't that crazy? Why

would anybody want to leave a place like this? It's paradise. You know there are thousands of girls who get turned down every year, that would give *anything* to get in?" She shook her head. "What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing."

"I thought about leaving once. Just walking out. But I didn't. You know why? Because I can't do anything. Where would I go? Back home? I can't go back there. Get married? How? Besides, I can't cook, I can't sew, and I hate babies. I'm not athletic. I have absolutely no talent. I can't draw a straight line. I can't sing. I can't do anything."

"What about college?"

"Oh yeah—I'm dumb too."

"I don't think you're dumb at all," Proxton said. "Besides, even if you were, why should you let that stop you? Nobody else does."

"Did you go to college?"

"Yes."

"What was it like?"

SONNET

A few months, a thousand miles ago
You were mine heart fondness.
Since, dreams of your tender touch
Awaken remembering flesh though
Thoughts of your loveliness much
Make my heart in gladness
To have known fine gentle nature.
Thinking of your face's soft features
That are less nine with time
Brings an ever-pervading sadness
And love drifts a distant light,
A northern star shining sublime.
Aging memories dim the bright
Of a sunny day in May we kissed.

—Percy Jones

Proxton shrugged. "Like anything else." They were silent a moment. "There's a lot there. Aren't you interested in anything?"

Margaret laughed. "I don't know. I never thought about it." She reflected a moment. "But I'm finished with school—it seems like

such a long time ago now. I knew then I was through with it. God, I hated it."

Proxton smiled. "I bet you won awards," he said.

"Oh, yes," Margaret said. "I did. That's what I do best." She shook her head. "I realized a long time ago what I have to do. I'm lucky to be here."

Proxton did not dwell on Margaret's self-appraisal as he inspected the ceiling, trying to think of something to say. His mind was filled with the realization. She had indeed changed overnight. From the undefined, to transparency, she had diffused herself. Proxton's mind squirmed in confusion. "No, it's not that way at all."

Margaret smiled and with Proxton listened as the hollow words reverberated through the jaws of the vanishing moment, engulfed and forgotten within the boundless chasm of insignificancies past. Outside, the summer sun shone high in the noonday sky. Around the horizon, towering cumulus clouds crept leisurely, like monuments to the hopes of those things that live a day. The world rolled on, still offering itself in silence.

When September touches the edges of morning and sends throughout the soul of all revolving creation a chill of expectation, then the spirit of restlessness prowls the earth. In his room, by the window, as dawn stole across the city, Proxton sat remembering the days he had been alone. He remembered the feel of owing no one. He remembered the feel of complete self-possession. He remembered the feel of loneliness. In his mind, giant forces combatted, leaving him immobile. As the sun appeared, he came to the bed, looked at Margaret for a moment, then returned to the window. The tops of the buildings gleamed coldly. A moment passed and he turned his head toward the bed. Margaret was watching him. "Today," he said.

Margaret sat up, concerned, still heavy with sleep. "Today?"

"This morning. What are you going to do?"

Margaret was uncertain. She remembered her last dream. Proxton grave, immobile, confused her. "Why today? We need to think. . ."

Proxton regarded her sadly. "I want to go," he said. "What about you?"

Margaret blinked her eyes, thinking haltingly. "Well, what do you want? I don't even know. . . I still don't. . . *know*."

"Know what?"

"Everything. . . You just decide all of a sudden. I mean, we haven't even thought about it."

"I have. Haven't you?"

"Well, yes, but I mean, are we going to be together?"

Proxton breathed shallowly, looking at the floor, then raised his eyes to Margaret on the bed. "I don't know. I can't say. Maybe. . . you would be on your own. That's the only possible way."

Margaret was silent, her face a portrait of uncertain, directionless beauty. Proxton looked at her and felt nothing. He groped for a sensation, something other than hopelessness. For a moment Margaret lost identity in his mind. She became a force, a presence inexplicably materialized. The intimacy of her face faded into familiarity; she appeared to him accustomed and aloof, as the turbulent permanence of the earth to the moon. A hot chill seized his body. He had never before known the feeling. He was ashamed. "I'll be back," he said, and left quickly.

As Miss Sims touched up her make-up, Reed sat down behind his desk and resumed his inspection of a large, blue diamond, recently acquired. He held it up to the light and it gleamed like the cold, captured soul of an ice-demon. Miss Sims reappeared. "Can I get you anything, sir?"

"No, thank you, Miss Sims. Just tell Nyla on your way out to

change the music. I've heard this tape."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, and Miss Sims. I've been thinking of a promotion for you."

"Oh, really, sir?"

"Yes. You've done a good job for me with this thing."

Miss Sims smiled. "Well sir, I am enjoying it very much."

Reed grinned. "I know you are. But . . . anyway, the boy is doing his work, staying around here."

"I'm glad I could help, sir."

Reed nodded and turned back to his work. The door opened. Miss Sims and Proctor were face to face. Proctor nodded; Miss Sims smiled.

"Well, Proctor. Good morning," Reed said. "Come on in and have a seat here."

"I'll only keep you a minute," Proctor said.

Reed beamed a wide ivory smile. "Haven't been seeing much of you. Hear you found a young lady you liked. She's been keeping you busy, I guess."

"Very busy."

"Well, good. I just want you to know how proud we all are of you. I talked to your mother yesterday... sit down, boy, sit down, you're making me nervous."

"I've come to tell you I'm leaving."

Reed's face froze in its smile, and gradually underwent a change. A blanket of silence descended. Reed stared at his nephew. He didn't speak for a long time.

"Leaving?" Reed said at last, "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm resigning," Proctor answered.

"You can't resign. What do you mean 'resign'?"

"I can't stay here any longer. I am grateful for what you've done, but with all due respect. . ."

"Respect? *Respect*? You call *this* respect? *Grateful*?" Reed turned scarlet. "You call being *grateful* coming in here and in two minutes vomiting up all I've done for you? I didn't have to do it, I can tell you that! I didn't owe you a thing! I

made all this for you out of kindness—personally saw to it—paid your way."

"I appreciate it."

"Yeah, you really are showing it, too! You're going to turn your back and walk away after all I've done for you? You're going to give up, quit? Quitter! Stinking loser!" Reed stood up and shoved his swivel chair out of his way. "Jeez, I should have known! I should have known! What made me think I could depend on *you*? You're just like your old man! Just like him!" Reed turned and glared at Proctor with contempt. "You're a coward. You're scared! You're running away just like your old man. You think you're really doing something, but you're scared! You're scared of me!" Reed turned and glared out the window.

"You're right," Proctor said. "I'm scared of you. I'm terrified of you. But that's not all, and you know it. There's something else between you and me."

Reed spun from the window in rage. "The only thing between you and me is that door! Now get out!"

Proctor turned slowly and headed towards the door.

"You ain't coming back, boy! Not ever! Don't you ever come near this place again! You hear me? You yellow coward!" Reed and his diamond were alone.

Proctor's room was empty. Margaret's clothes and little bag were gone. Proctor's mind was numb, frozen. He stood motionless, looking around the room. The bed was rumped; the air conditioner purred softly. Proctor stared for several minutes, then, impulsively, left.

"Where is she?" he said. He had Miss Sims cornered behind her desk.

"Where is who?"

"You know who. Where is she?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her."

Proctor reeled from the small office, leaving the woman breathless. He stopped a girl in the hall.

"Where's Margaret?" he demanded.

"Margaret who?"

Proctor kept going. He was burning all over, but he felt cold. In his mind he saw only her face, afraid. Her spirit his, fanged and clawed, rejected, fled. He kept going. The malleable front of explanations crumbled; pinioned, he recoiled in the light. The essence of self, serving self, has nowhere to run. He stopped at the door of the Emotion Room. In a far corner she crouched, sobbing. Proctor cast his frozen stare through the small window a moment, then turned and went to pack.



POOR LADY

She came from Lebanon
By herself, with a message
In her soul,
That nobody knows
When people call
She can't hear—
When there is silence
She hears all

Poor lady—

She's on the roam
Lost in the darkness
That she knows as home

Perfume fills the air
But she can't tell
Off in another world
Where imagination
Is the only smell
And where fragrance
Is a dream

Poor lady—

Her steps are leaps
No one will ever know
The secret she keeps

The pretty blue eyes are dead
But visions come to her
And books that are read
Are read between the lines
And the music that comes to her
Is felt not heard
And the sound she feels
Is sweet to her—only her

—Ken Taylor

KILKARE

Kilkare is an old town not unlike those Southern hamlets found in the works of William Faulkner. She is neatly tucked away in an unexciting corner of South Alabama between two cities of unimpressive size. The population of 2,000 classifies her as a typical small town, where everyone is related in some unremembered way and gossip is one of the few sources of entertainment.

Few visitors frequent the town who are not filled with a profound pity for a place whose desires for progress have been smothered with the passing of time. Everything about Kilkare seems old—not run-down from lack of care, but tired from too much living. Even the Sunbeam Bread advertisement which once spread across the south wall of Mr. Talley's general store now lies in a lifeless heap of blue and yellow chips upon the ground. No one ever seems in a hurry—they shuffle down the cracked sidewalks and through the ancient stores smelling of fertilizer and chicken feed with no apparent care for what tomorrow may bring.

Complacency runs rampant among the townsfolk. It results from decades of careful inbreeding within the Kilkare city limits. For them, there is no hurry, for there is no one and nothing which waits outside the boundaries of Kilkare County. Occasionally a dreamer arises among the population whose ideas to accomplish something in life lead him to venture for other places. But few of the adventurers ever return to stir the sleeping people. Instead, man is born, married, and buried all within the realm of Kilkare, and he talks of all the wonderful yesterdays and of how the present leaves so much to be desired.

—Mala Paulk

DEATH NO. 12

After seven, when everyone has gone,
The building loses its sophisticated song.
Look beyond the empty classroom door,
At the black woman scrubbing floors.
Her shadow bent and projected on the wall.
Her voice singing, echoing in hollow halls.
She sings regardless of the work, the toll upon her being.
She leaves behind a clean floor that is shining
Until the next day when students walk across her life.
Until death claims her and ends her strife.
Tomorrow she'll be back to start again
In the oblivious halls where ignorance begins.

—Eric Regh

IF SOEVER

And so with a prayer begun
Dear Lord
If soever you do exist
What is that you say my friend
Did you say *if*
Do you know my friend, your *if*
Your *if* about the existence of god
& the acceptance of god's only son Jesus Christ
As your saviour
Now take this yellow pamphlet, my dear fellow
Which is your life
Are the arrows inside or out
Yes, they're on the outside
All fellow saviours, come hence among our lost fellow
Rejuvenate his soul
And so with that the prayer ended
Dear Lord
If soever you can make me see you

—Robby Bellah

Kilkare is an old town not unlike those Southern hamlets found in the works of William Faulkner. She is neatly tucked away in an unexciting corner of South Alabama between two cities of unimpressive size. The population of 2,000 classifies her as a typical small town, where everyone is related in some unremembered way. Gossip is one of the few sources of entertainment.

Visitors frequent the town and are filled with a profound sense of place whose desires for change have been smothered with the passage of time. Everything seems old—not tired, but tired of care, but tired of living. Even the advertisements across the southern highway's general store display a timeless heap of blue jeans upon the ground. The cracked sidewalks and the ancient stores of fertilizer and chicken feed appear care for what is being sold.

As the town turns its back on the world, it results in a kind of spiritual indolence. For the limits of the town are its own, and there is no one to challenge its ways. The town of Kilkare is a place where the past is a living thing.

DEATH NO. 12

After seven, when everyone has left the building loses its spirit. Look beyond the empty street. At the black woman so Her shadow bent and Her voice singing, ed She sings regardless She leaves behind Until the next c Until death bl Tomorrow she in the oblivio



The Selling of TM[®]

BY MIKE NUTT

One million people can't be wrong—or can they?

"Transcendental Meditation is a path to God."—*Meditations of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi*, 1968.

"The Transcendental Meditation technique is a simple, natural, effortless process that allows the mind to experience subtler and subtler levels of the thinking process until thinking is transcended and the mind comes into direct contact with the source of thought."—*The TM Book*, 1975.

"...TM is a very definite religion in a very definite disguise. . . . Religion by any other name is still religion."—Dr. George E. La More, Jr., head of the department of religion and philosophy at Iowa Wesleyan College, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

The Transcendental Meditation technique—is it just a technique or process or a religion? Everyone who comes into contact with the program asks the question sooner or later. It's a question that is still debated today, 18 years after the technique was first introduced to the United States.

For almost 800,000 Americans, the question is academic—they meditate and enjoy it. Celebrities such as Joe Namath, Stevie Wonder, Doris Day, John Denver, Clint Eastwood, Merv Griffin, and Mary Tyler Moore are among them. Educators, businessmen, politicians, housewives, students, and even priests, rabbis, and ministers meditate for about 20 minutes twice a day, repeating a Sanskrit mantra.

What is the program's appeal? Why do people pay \$125 (\$65 for students) to learn to meditate? Most people learn of the technique from personal contract with persons who practice it. Meditators

claim improvement in virtually all aspects of life, from their tennis game to their sex life.

"I've found what I'm looking for," said an Auburn professor who meditates. "I'm very pleased with it, and I plug for it whenever I can." The professor preferred to remain anonymous.

The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, founder of the movement, says the purpose of meditating is to develop the full potential of the individual. Through the betterment of individuals, the Maharishi claims an ideal society comes about. He calls this utopia, which he sees dawning now, the age of enlightenment.

"Such a widespread promise is the mark of a cult," according to Robert E. Ornstein, president of the Institute for the Study of Human Knowledge and a research psychologist at San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute. He has studied the psychology of meditation for some time.

In the September, 1976 issue of *Psychology Today* magazine, Ornstein challenges the validity of hundreds of scientific studies, most of them conducted at Maharishi International University in Fairfield, Iowa. These studies claim to prove that blood pressure, insomnia, drug addiction, and anxiety are reduced in meditators, while job satisfaction, awareness, alertness, and creativity are increased.

Ornstein says, "such research uses science to document alterations in paper-and-pencil tests of personality or changes within the body, without investigating whether such changes are due to meditation or what the real significance of the change is. Brochures

and posters that promote TM often go beyond the evidence."

He continues, "Those who undertake to validate meditation, rather than impartially investigate it, use science to sell a product. This use of science is like promoting drugs with a television commercial that shows one pill racing into the bloodstream faster than another."

La More, in the December 10, 1975 issue of *Christian Century* magazine, says, "This image of TM as a scientific do-it-yourself substitute for religion has served it well. . . .[it] has been admirably packaged and commercialized with [Americans] in mind."

The main criticism of the TM program, however, lies with the claim that it is not a religion. Many critics charge that the Maharishi substitutes the term "Science of Creative Intelligence" for the Hindu God Brahman. In his book *The Science of Being and the Art of Living*, the Maharishi describes the source of thought as "the field of the Being." *The TM Book*, however, calls this source "a field of pure energy deep within the mind. . . the field of pure creative intelligence."

In meditation, a Sanskrit word, or mantra, is repeated until the meditator's mind is directed inward to a level of "pure consciousness." La More calls this "emptiness of the head."

The Maharishi goes on to describe meditation as "a very good form of prayer. A most refined and most powerful form of prayer is this meditation which leads us to the field of the Creator, to the source of Creation, to the field of God."

"If there were a way to con-

sciously appreciate all the states of. . .thought prior to its reaching the surface level, that would be the way to transcend thought and experience the transcendental Being," the Maharishi has said.

La More is particularly critical of the position that the TM program is not religious in nature: "When I have debated with members of SIMS [Students International Meditation Society] the question of whether TM is Hinduism or a religion at all, they have employed a most peculiar argument which they attribute to the Maharishi: since TM does not demand that one be a Hindu or even religious to take lessons, therefore TM is neither Hinduism nor is it a religion. By such logic, it would follow that a Billy Graham revival is neither Christian nor religious because anybody can get into the meeting."

La More goes on to say that the program's philosophy is " 'a unified, monistic, cosmic God-consciousness' typical of Hinduism...."

Richard Rush, a local instructor of the technique who lives in Auburn, denies the program is religious in nature.

"I see it as religion's friend," Rush said, adding that the technique can help individuals realize their religious goals, or any goals for that matter. In reference to the Maharishi's vision of the Age of Enlightenment, Rush said, "We can create an ideal society. Why stop it? Why confine it?"

Proponents of meditation claim it is compatible with all religions, that it makes no demands and requires no faith commitment. Yet each person is required to attend an initiation ceremony and to bring some fruit, freshly-cut flowers, and a white handkerchief. These are given to the teacher, who then places them on an altar before a picture of Guru Dev, the late teacher of the Maharishi. Incense and candles are burned while the teacher recites a Sanskrit *puja*, a Hindu hymn of worship. Then the initiate receives his mantra from his

teacher and repeats it slowly until he begins meditating.

Several aspects of the initiation ceremony have raised considerable question from critics. Teachers say the *puja* is merely a way of expressing gratitude to past teachers of the Shankaracharya tradition from which the meditation comes. The dead teachers, however, are addressed as personifications of Brahman, the formless Being referred to earlier by the Maharishi. Part of the hymn addressed to Guru Dev has been translated as follows and appeared in both *Time* and *Christianity Today*:

"Guru in the glory of thy personified transcendental fullness of Brahman, to Him, to Shri Guru Dev adorned with glory, I bow down."

Rush denied having ever used the words quoted above in the ceremony. La More says ". . .upon translation the *puja* turns out to be a long prayer of praise to the many gods—Narayana, Vashishtha, Shakti, etc.—who are manifestations of Brahma."

Jonathan Shear, philosophy professor at Maharishi International University in Fairfield, Iowa, says, "As any teacher of the TM technique will tell you, it is not a religious ceremony at all. In no way does it involve religious belief. . ."

There is also considerable controversy about the meaning of the mantras. According to *The TM Book*, " 'Mantra' means a specific sound, the effects of which are known. . .The ones used in the TM program come from an ancient tradition which assures their beneficial effectiveness. They are taught in a very specific way." Contrary to the organization's claim that mantras are "meaningless words," however, translations of at least seven mantras reveal them to be the names of Hindu gods and goddesses which are used in Vedic worship rites, according to an article by Robert Brank Fulton, also in the *Christian Century*. Others have been identified as Ram (his own), Ing, Sherim, Kirim, Shyam, and

Shri Ram. According to La More, some of the mantras translate into words like wheel, bedpost, bridge, and collar.

"The act of meditation upon mantras is one of the oldest devices in the Vedic tradition of Hinduism," La More said.

Fulton says of the mantras, "They can be 'meaningless sounds' only to those who do not know what they mean!"

The TM Book says, "The student is lead *innocently*—that's the key word—to the experience of transcending, the experience of pure creative intelligence."

La More says, "There is something very insidious about a movement that meets a person 'where he is' by not announcing where it will take him. . . . There are certain deceptions being practiced in TM which trouble me: claims to originality, claims to compatibility with all religions, claims that TM is not a religion, claims that it is best not to tell an initiate where he is being led."

Again, the question of religion for most meditators is academic. They are, for the most part, happy with what meditation has done for them and are content to leave it at that.

"I haven't tried to tear any of their arguments down," said the anonymous professor mentioned earlier.

"I do not pretend to know exactly how and why it works, but I can attest to the fact that I have never felt so great in my 20 years in the ministry," says John R. Dilley, Presbyterian minister in Fairfield, Iowa. "It is a technique that works. . . .Every aspect of our [family] life has been changed. Scripture reading is more meaningful. Our prayers are more real. Our relationships are more harmonious. Our entire lifestyle has changed. TM works!"



THE MOUNTAINS

Long ago when the world was new and things weren't arranged as they are now, there stood two tall and majestic mountains side by side so that their toes almost touched.

One mountain was covered in glaciers and snow. She stood with her icy head held high and her stately white shoulders thrown back. Indeed she was a grand lady. The other mountain was rough and rocky. His sharp rugged brown features were unsightly to the smooth white lady, but deep inside he boiled and fumed with love for her.

Day after day he professed his love and offered her up uncut gems and precious stones, but the gleaming lady would have nothing to do with such an uncouth fellow.

The longer he was rebuffed the more he boiled inside until the rocky mountain began to spew forth fiery proclamations of his love. His emotional outbursts finally struck the grand lady's heart and she began to melt. Upon seeing this, the rocky fellow boiled and burned inside until he exploded in fiery passion. The cold lady was overwhelmed and she completely melted and slid down to him. They met with a great hissing and billowing of steamy passion.

When this subsided they lay mingled as one at the feet of a shattered shell of what was once a rocky brown mountain, and a small rocky brown mountain that was once a great icy lady.

Erin Lightel

THERE'S A DEAD END ON SEVENTH STREET

The sad man sings his song tonight,
As he sits amid the filth and garbage.
And the stench grows stale in his nostrils,
While he sips on the same old bottle of wine,
That was emptied so long ago.

And his voice is echoed through the alley,
As he painfully wails the blues.
And his only friends appear to be the vermin,
That seem to laugh at his song,
As they scrounge through the rottenness.

Then all becomes still and quiet.
The wailing cries are ceased.
The sad man lies stiff among the filth and garbage,
As the world outside goes on . . .
With its flashing lights and colorful sights,
And stereo-typed people who rush to work,
With their briefcases clutched tightly in their hands.

—Sue Beasley

ON MEETING DEADLINES

Grains gone mad
Slipped through the hour hole
And called me fool.
For I never noticed them
Unless I had to race
From the face of infinite pace,
Tripping as I went
But still bent on getting there,
Regretting each step before I took it.

Watch out for the monster
With fluorescent eyes,
Illusive, but never lies,

He's black and white
And wields his might
Precisely every time.

He's over and under,
Puts up with no blunder,
Exact, all fact.

Loves you to watch him.
Hates you to see him.

—Steve Glaze

HEH!

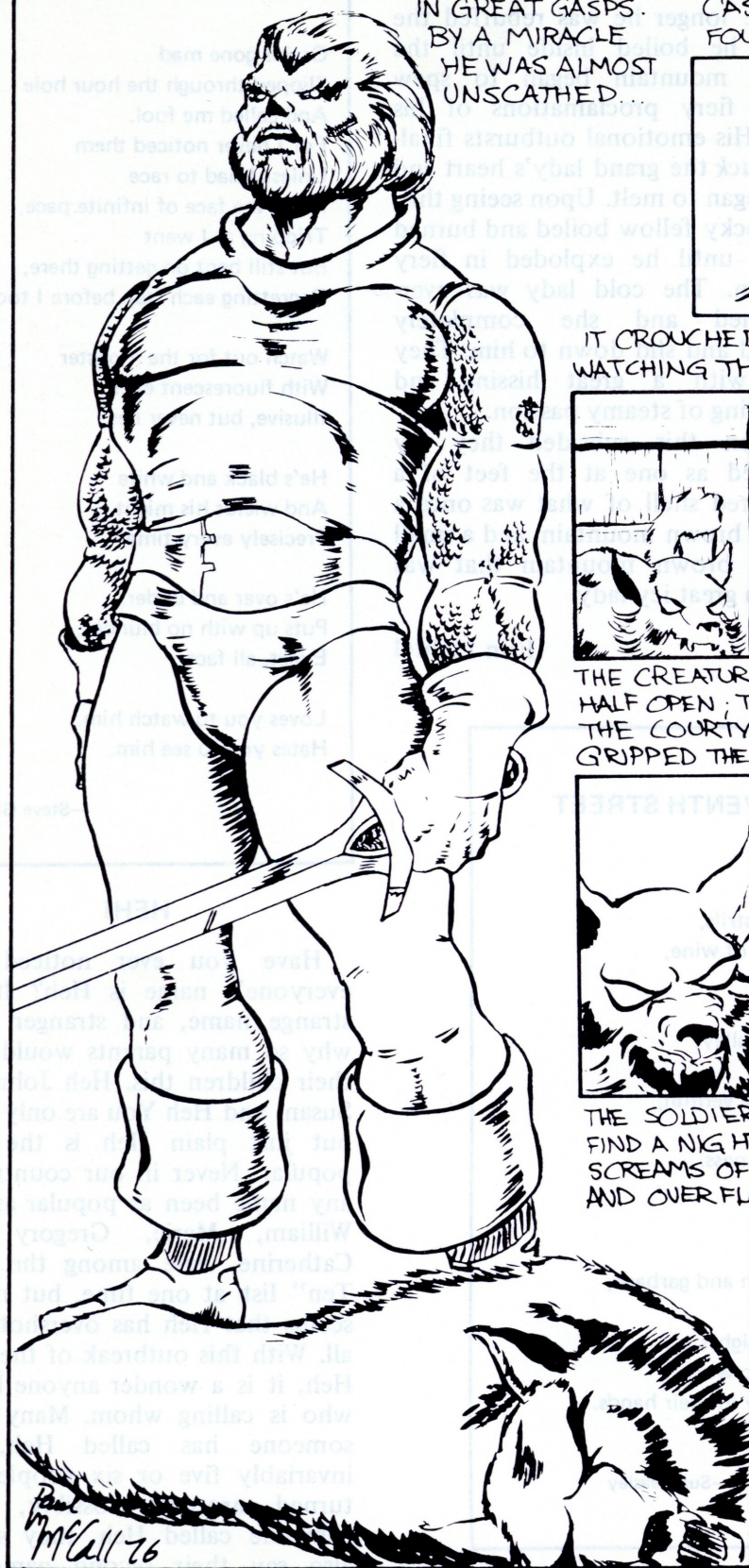
Have you ever noticed how everyone's name is Heh? It is a strange name, and stranger yet is why so many parents would name their children this. Heh John, Heh Susan, and Heh You are only three, but just plain Heh is the most popular. Never in our country has any name been as popular as Heh. William, Marie, Gregory, and Catherine were among the "Top Ten" list at one time, but now it seems that Heh has overshoot them all. With this outbreak of the name Heh, it is a wonder anyone knows who is calling whom. Many times someone has called Heh, and invariably five or six people have turned around. Possibly, when someone called Heh, they should also say their second name, for example, Heh John, Heh Susan, Heh Pat.

Lucia Waldrop

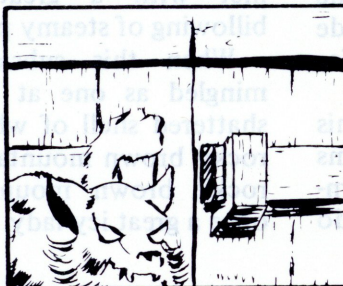
ONLY ONE LIVING THING MOVED
AMIDST THE CARNAGE...

HE GULPED AIR
IN GREAT GASPS.
BY A MIRACLE
HE WAS ALMOST
UNSCATHED...

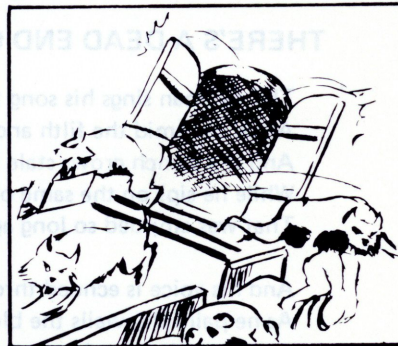
QUICKLY HE RETRIEVED AND CLEANED
HIS WEAPONS AND SET OUT FOR THE
CASTLE BEFORE ANYMORE WOLVES
FOUND HIM.



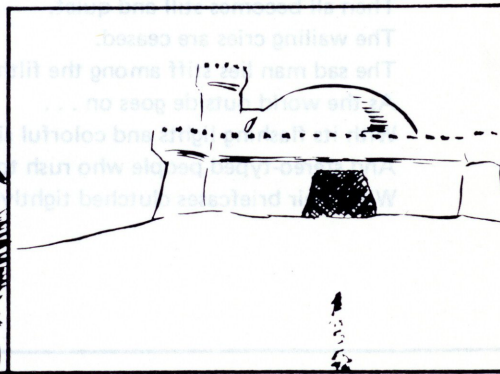
IT CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL
WATCHING THE SLEEPING MANOR WITH HATRED.



THE CREATURE UNLOCKED AND SWUNG THE GATE
HALF OPEN; THE HUNGRY WOLVES FILED INTO
THE COURTYARD. A FEARFULLY TALONED HAND
GRIPPED THE LATCH ON THE LODGE DOOR...



THE SOLDIERS AWOKE FROM THEIR DREAMS TO
FIND A NIGHTMARE OF RIPPING FANGS...
SCREAMS OF DEATH AGONY FILLED THE LODGE
AND OVER FLOWED INTO THE NIGHT -



The super hero or the sword and sorcery genre interests Paul most. Characters with exaggerated traits are pitted against foes with magical powers in this type comic, as is Paul's hero Kane.

THE COMIC WORLD OF PAUL MCCALL

BY TOMIE DUGAS

The world is one of four-color characters leaping, crashing, and cavorting; and the mind that creates amid such a background belongs to one Paul McCall, graphic storyteller or, in layman's terms, aspiring comic book artist.

Auburn is not a likely place to run upon one of such bent, but those roaming the second story of Smith Hall at any hour of day or night during last fall quarter would have found Paul fast at work at favorite pursuit.

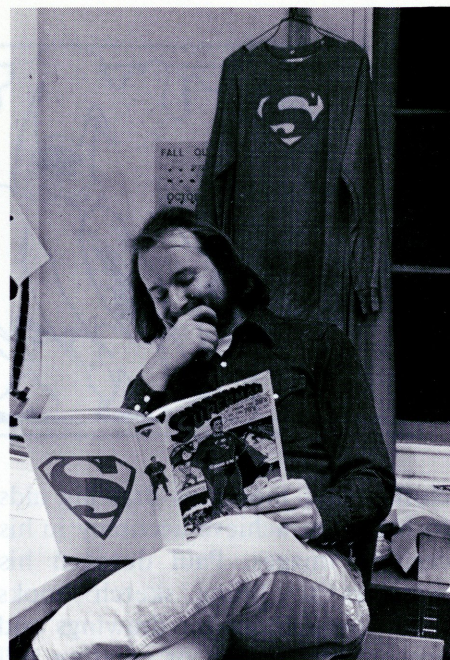
For his senior terminal project, Paul chose to develop to comic book form an existing short story by adventure writer Karl Edward Wagner. Although he spent many a harried month in preparation for this endeavor, one quarter's time was scarcely enough to complete such a complex project. Consider the five weeks required and the myriad professionals involved to turn out one commercial issue of a comic book.

To understand better the odds Paul faced, it is helpful to review the basic steps in producing a comic book from concept to printed page. In most serials each issue is begun three months before it appears on the newsstand. In the past, the writer alone usually transcribed his ideas into story form. The results were refined by a copy editor and sent down the assembly line to artists. Now, however, another approach finds the writer and artist

collaborating to formulate ideas and produce the basic story. After it has been edited, the dialogue is typed and laid out page for page in panel sequence on boards. The artist pencils in the images and sends it to a letterer who inks in black the borders and copy. With brush in hand the inker outlines the figures and backgrounds after which the colorist completes the cycle, applying color in bold, intense hues. Here, the printer takes over and in five weeks, out rolls the familiar 8½ x 11 conglomeration of printed pages.

Paul's entanglement in this world began innocently enough at the age of eight when his grandmother gave him his first comic book. That Batman comic book is now dwarfed by a collection bordering on 4,000, catalogued, bagged, and stashed away in his trailer. From the second grade on, Paul copied the characters from various adventure series. Set early, his tastes leaned towards the super hero or, lately, the sword & sorcery genre, emphasizing characters endowed with amplified traits who are usually pitted against foes possessing magical powers.

Paul's high school days in Florence, Alabama, brought formal training and a brief stint at teaching cartooning to fourth and fifth graders. As college drew near, Paul went the way of his older brother, choosing Auburn. At that time no schools specialized in comic book

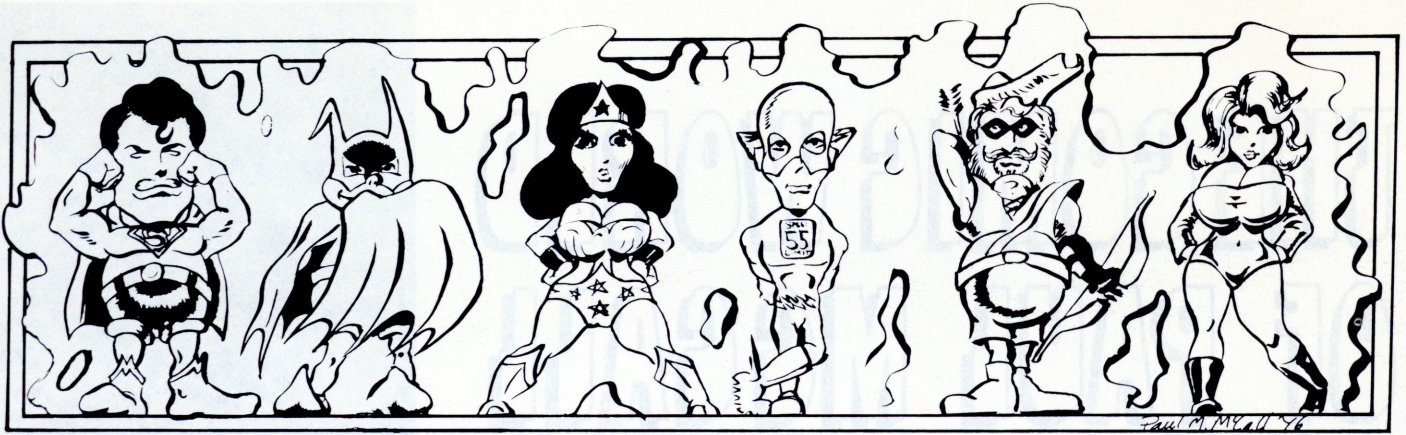


Photography by Gordon Bugg

art. However, now there exists the Joe Kubert School of Cartoons & Graphic Art, Inc., a reputable (though expensive) two-year facility located in Dover, N.J.

Inclined toward a career in cartooning, his War Eagle days have not been easy, for no Auburn professors are qualified to give appropriate criticism in his field. Paul eventually persuaded some of the concerned faculty to allow him to solve design and illustration problems through cartoon-oriented means. For example, Paul's contribution to the *Time Magazine* cover problem given students in his Visual I art course was a natural—who else would feature a cover portrait of Superman? Of his basic art courses, Paul found figure drawing the most valuable. He had to master anatomy before he could draw the exaggerated and often distorted human form of super heroes, for an artist must know what to do before abandoning the rules.

At her son's request Mrs. McCall presented Paul with his own hand-sewn Superman outfit and two Star Trek uniforms. To complement the latter, he commissioned an industrial designer to create a Star Trek phaser gun model. He used the



clothes and model as drawing aids to help him achieve accuracy in his cartoon images. Paul devoted his seminars to filling sketch books with these character drawings and anatomical studies or creating full color paintings of appropriate subject matter.

Approximately a year before his terminal project, the aspiring cartoonist began thinking seriously of developing his own super heroes and supporting charters. As the time grew closer, Paul selected one of three tales comprising Wagner's *Death Angels Shadow*, an acid gothic adventure. With the author's permission, he reduced the story to elements that could be handled adequately in graphic story form. The resulting plot revolved around Kane, a tall, strong, red-haired man with pale blue death-like eyes, the immortal biblical Cain. The plot finds protagonist Kane fleeing to the frozen North and taking refuge in a nobleman's castle that, unknown to him, is preyed upon by a werewolf. The climax appropriately enough pits Kane and the beast in a classic struggle to the death.

After he selected the dialogue, Paul worked out twenty-five pages of pencil roughs on tracing paper. Revised satisfactorily, the drawings were transferred to bristol board. He blacked in borders and lettering using rapidograph pens. The figures were developed with black ink, brush strokes suggesting fluid animation. Camera copies were made of the panels and magic markers

supplied the essential colors. In this finished form, Paul submitted his terminal project. He saved the original boards for possible later submission to *The Lone Star Fictioneer*, a sword and sorcery "fanzine" that publishes work by various aspiring and established comic book illustrators.

Paul's next move will take him, portfolio in hand, to New York, center of many things including the comic book industry. Included in this portfolio will be his terminal project, a sample "Star Trek," and a sample "Justice League" comic book, each created during his college years. In addition to approaching the established comic book firms, Paul may try the Neil Adams Continuity Association. An organization founded by Adams, the best illustrator of Batman, it gives new writers and artists outlets for their talents through publication of new entries to the comic book field. The Association also works as a clearing house for pairing behind-schedule comic book publishers with new talents who are willing to help finish the books under deadline.

Paul has no wild dreams of striking it rich. Comic book artistry is not a lucrative field unless one happens to be Neil Adams or Jack Kirby, the visual creator of Captain America and generally accepted as the father of Adventure Comics. Usually both the writer and illustrator get paid a set fee per page, so speed and accuracy are important. If he is lucky enough to get a new

character accepted by a company, an artist must surrender all rights to the character to the publisher. Therefore, money generated by spin-off items such as dolls, games, etc., goes to the publishing company. However, things are improving for the artists because now when his illustration appears on packaging, he gets a percentage of the royalty fees. Many illustrators also freelance related paperback covers to supplement their income.

Graphic story-telling has come a long way since the first Adventure Comics appeared in the Twenties. Superman began with Action number one published in 1929, and Batman followed in 1930. Many have since come and gone, Captain America, Green Lantern, Captain Marvel, Howard, the Duck. . . Trial books come out every month introducing new characters for potential syndication. It's possible that one might concern a tall, strong red-haired man with pale blue death-like eyes. Could be.



THE UNIVERSITY

Here we are
taught by doctors who seek to heal our
pristine brains of the softly held ideas
that the world is good and man is the
perfect creation of God
Preposterous

—Susan Bassett

AN EXODUS VIA BURKE AVENUE

The old man walked in a waking nightmare down the endless sidewalks of a strangely familiar and frightfully alien city. From time to time, he espied in the distance a well-known haunt: a shop, a restaurant, a theater, or church that he had visited often. And with each new sighting, his heart leaped with exhilaration as he hastened to attain that landmark which would serve as a point of reference to establish his bearings.

But each fresh breath of hope quickly became another source of disillusionment, confusion, and frustration. He could never manage to reach any definite landmark: The pushing, jostling, shoving throng would divert him from his course into some narrow and unknown alley, the street would bend in a surprising direction or split unexpectedly and cause him to lose his way, or the building upon closer inspection would bear only a superficial resemblance to that which he sought.

Sometimes he became so weary and bewildered that he could scarcely remember the reason for

his presence in that twentieth-century Babylon, and he yearned only to find a peaceful stream beside which he might sit and weep for Zion. Yet, his sense of purpose never fully deserted him: After each temptation to despair and surrender, he renewed his efforts with greater urgency, remembering that he had come hither in search of his children, not for them to succor him in his waning years but for him to rescue them from the impending doom which hung on vulture wing over the polluted, alienated, and accursed city.

The morning passed, noon flew by, the afternoon waned into twilight, and night descended with a darkness so heavy that millions of neon lights could not lift it from the alleys, the crevices, the corners, and the rooftops. Yet the old man pursued his frantic search relentlessly amidst the darkness and the babble that seemed a caricature in sound of his native tongue. On and on and on he hastened until exhaustion threatened to overwhelm him: His head reeled, his vision blurred, and his fibers trem-

bled so that he seized a nearby signpost to steady himself, only to find his weakened grasp slipping.

Then, just as he began crumpling, he heard a familiar voice cry: "Father, what are you doing here? Why didn't you tell us you were coming?" His weariness vanished like a wisp of morning mist, and he clasped his youngest with arms strong and steady: "There's no time for explanation. Where are your brothers and sisters?" "They are all together just a block down the street to your right." Grasping her hand he moved swiftly to the house she indicated and without pausing for greeting admonished all of his children to follow him southward down Burke Avenue to the nearest exit from the city.

Hours later, the rising sun burst upon him and his obedient offspring as they paused to rest beside a country lane running between open fields and meadows and clustered woodlands. Without a backward glance, he knelt facing down the pathway homeward and lifted his eyes to heaven in silent prayer.

JACK MOUNTAIN

